THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. 59. Publication Office, No. 726 Sansom St. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879. $2.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 10.

CLAIRE AND ROVER.

BY FANNIE C. POE.

Out in the fragrant morning dew,
Idly the green fields roaming through,
  Covered o'er with velvet clover;
A pretty picture sure they make,
Green fields, blue sky, and dewy brake,
  Brown-eyed Claire, and shaggy Rover.

Now they are resting in the shade;
Why! what can all the pretty maid,
  What makes her tremble so? and Rover—
Ah! his quick ear hears a sound,
See! now he rushes with a bound
  Through the hedge that parts the clover.

"Fie!" you say, "one could not hear
Unless it passed them very near,
  Footsteps on the velvet clover;"
Ah! could they not? Ask brown-eyed Claire
If she is not well aware
  Who is patting shaggy Rover.

What though a hedge does intervene?
Steps fall soft on clover green!
  Still one knows if 't be ones lover.
Her blushing face bends o'er her book—
Ah! how surprised she'll try to look
  When he reaches her with Rover.

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET;

—OR,—

Richard Westwood's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "IVY'S PROBATION," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"IT is horrible," said the doctor, as he was dressing—"horrible! And yet I cannot tell her—not to-night. Why should I tell her at all?" he demanded savagely, cutting himself with the razor in his excitement. "Why should I be the executioner to stab this innocent happy creature to the heart! It must come in time, through the legitimate channel—why should I forestall? Let her live a few more days, or hours, it may be, in the bliss of ignorance—the knowledge will come soon enough."

So he closed his lips upon the secret, and waited for the bolt to fall without his intervention—waited as the victim waits beneath the uplifted knife.

When the doctor came downstairs she was fluttering about the drawing room in her white festival dress. Too happily excited to sit still. She went up to him with a bouquet for his button hole—a sprig of jessamine and a single deep crimson rose-bud.

"We must be fine to-night for Dick," said she, as she pinned the bouquet to his coat; "jessamine is Dick's favorite flower. See, I am wearing it too."

The doctor shuddered and turned pale as the faint sweet perfume of Dick's favorite flower was wafted towards him; it reminded him how only in the preceding week he had seen a child patient in her coffin all bestrewed with the fragrant white stars. But Armine did not notice his face.

Hephzibah came in with the white China crape shawl which was to be her young lady's wrap and stood admiringly by, challenging in her heart the whole world to produce such another dress and face. She also did not see the poor doctor's trouble.

"My dear," said he presently, rousing himself with an effort, "you—you look very nice."

"Nice!" snorted Hephzibah, indignant at the inadequate term. "Nice! The doctor can't be well."

"Is this muslin? It is a pretty stuff," Dr. Westwood went on, fingering Armine's dress absently.

"No," she answered, laughing; "it is China crape. "You are like Dick—all men are like Dick—all men are alike;—they call every thin thing 'muslin,' and everything thick 'stuff.'"

"Yes, I am a stupid old fellow," said the doctor, putting his hand to his head as he led her to the carriage. "I think, as Hephzibah says, that I am not very—exactly well to-night, my dear."

"You would rather stay at home?" she exclaimed, stopping instantly.

"No, my dear, not at all," he replied. "Staying or going will not set it right," he added.

Armine guessed that the ill was not altogether physical—her quick sympathy generally hit the truth—and she did not pursue the subject—she was so "wise-like," girl as she was. She thought that the gaiety of the party would perhaps dissipate the dejection so unusual with Dr. Westwood.

They were late—the delay had been the doctor's—and, when they entered Mrs. Heriot's well filled drawing-room, the tea and coffee, the wedges of rich cake and watery slices of bread and butter, had been all handed round, and Lina Heriot was at the piano singing in a high, clear soprano voice "Home they brought her warrior dead."

In the silence with which Lina's performance was being honored the entrance of the doctor and his ward was made, and attracted an attention which made Armine's cheeks glow in a manner more becoming than comfortable.

"'Pon my word, a beautiful young woman!" murmured Colonel Trevanion, who had only just returned from a three months' yachting tour. "Who did you say she was?"—to his neighbor the vicar. "Ah, yes, colonial! Doesn't look it though," and he crossed the room for an introduction.

"How the doctor has smartened up under the influence of his pretty sister in law!" Mrs. Trevanion was saying to Miss Peckworth. "He has cut his hair and trimmed his whiskers. He doesn't look older than anybody else now, and he is quite good-looking into the bargain. I had no idea he could brush up so well; Dr. Westwood has always seemed as old as the hills—he has taken that tone, you know. Now that he is almost young and almost good looking, I am not sure that the arrangement,"—nodding towards Armine—"is exactly correct, even between brothers."

"They are no more brothers than I am," contradicted Miss Peckworth, whose heart was sound, but whose manner was apt to be abrupt.

"Not brothers!" Mrs. Trevanion echoed, staring at her companion. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that Dr. Philip and Richard Westwood are brothers only by adoption, and not by blood," Miss Peckworth explained. "Old Mr. Westwood married a second time, his second wife being his cousin's widow, Mrs. Dick Westwood; at the time Philip was a young man of twenty, and she had a boy of her own by her first husband, a child of five or six. She was a most extravagant woman, a gay, frivolous person. The things that went on in that kitchen were shameful!" emphasized the thrifty old maid, lifting her hands and eyes. "Mr. Westwood had a nice property, they were in the country, but that woman would have ruined a man with ten thousand a year, and he had barely three. She must go up to London every spring for the season, and her husband gave way to her in everything. She persuaded him to go into speculations to provide more money for her pleasures. It was too late in life for him to attempt business, and he was ruined. Young Philip behaved nobly; he was the heir, you know, but he let the old place be sold, and everything was paid, and Philip went up to London to study medicine. Mrs. Westwood and her husband came into Combe Priors and lived on the little income Philip inherited from his own mother, whilst he struggled on in London. Mrs. Westwood could not bear the change; she died, and old Westwood soon followed her; and Philip took the little fellow Richard, and brought him up, and called him his brother, and loved him like one. I am not sure that Dick Westwood doesn't think they are own brothers to this hour. Very few of us know they are not, but I know the whole story. Philip did a brother's part by the young fellow always, and he is doing a brother's part by his young wife now, poor thing!" Miss Peckworth concluded, with a little indignant sniff at Mrs. Trevanion and her insinuations.

"Ah, well," Mrs. Trevanion said, "you are such primitively innocent people down here, Miss Peckworth! But, when a man brightens up in that incredible way, there's generally a woman in it, as there is in every other mischief; and a young and pretty sister in-law—who isn't a sister-in law after all—is as mischievous as any other woman."

And Mrs. Trevanion went off enjoying immensely the attack on the "infallible doctor," and leaving poor Miss Peckworth in a paroxysm of sniffs and indignation.

There was a little court of half the men in the room gathered about Armine, and the young wife was holding her own with the graceful unaffected self possession peculiar to her. She was enjoying herself a good deal too—a party was an event, and she had been at so few. The lights and the music, the air of *fete* about everything and everybody, the feeling that she was prettily dressed and looking her best, and the sight of everybody else in their evening finery were very pleasant to her. She was laughing and sparkling and answering with easy confidence Colonel Trevanion high-bred, languid sallies. And, from the opposite corner, Dr. Westwood, apparently engaged in a political discussion with a couple of county magistrates, was watching her unconscious light hearted happiness, and feeling like a murderer.

Mrs. Trevanion's quick eyes intercepted the doctor's frequent glances and interpreted them after her own fashion.

"Dr. Westwood's secret is transparent enough to any one less blind than poor Miss Peckworth," said she to herself triumphantly; "and Lieutenant Dick had better get himself invalided home as soon as possible."

"Will this long evening never come to an end?" poor Dr. Westwood was asking himself all through Mr Arkwright's exhaustive exposition of the Russian policy. Every innocent laugh of Armine's went through his heart—the whole scene was a mockery, a sort of sacrilege. Through the music and the laughter he heard only the wash of the relentless waves over Dick's grave; through the solemn drone of old Mr. Arkwright's political anathema he was repeating to himself these sentences in the log-book of the *Waterwitch*:

"Sept. 5th.—Died of his wounds Richard Westwood, Lieutenant H. M. S. *Vanguard*. His body was committed to the sea the same day."

It was characteristic of the doctor that through all the horror of his secret his own grief had scarcely yet made itself felt, his one engrossing thought was for the young widow.

"How will she bear it?"

She sat there in her white bridal dress and flowers, looking more beautiful than he had ever seen her look. And one short sentence—a sentence which must be spoken sooner or later—would strike her to the earth in all her youth and beauty, her innocent brightness and happiness.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. WESTWOOD, with her sleeves rolled up and her morning dress eclipsed by the most practical and becoming of white aprons, was making pastry in Hephzibah's neat pantry; and Lina Heriot, perched on the end of Hephzibah's well scrubbed table was watching the white rounded arms and dimpled fingers, and talking a good deal of nonsense.

"To think," she began, "that you should be years younger than I am, and the great problem solved!"

"What problem?" asked Armine, as she buttered her patty pans.

"Why, whom one is to marry, and if one is to marry at all, that is the great question for a girl, isn't it? Fancy having arrived at that grand solution so early, 'and you so calm,' as Mark Twain says, whilst I am fussing and fevering still."

"Why do you?" asked Armine, as she rolled out her paste.

"How can I help it?" retorted Lina, helping herself to damsons from a basket placed conveniently near her. "I am one of the women the men are writing and agitating about (and very impertinent it is of them it is!)—one of the 'surplus' women they want to dispose of and find employment for. Be thankful that you are safe from their officious benevolence. And you are an only daughter; that is always the way when it doesn't matter much. I am one of seven girls, and not one of us is married or even engaged. And we are getting old, I am twenty-two. I think sometimes that if we could only begin we might go off; but we don't get a start. I am considered the most hopeful of the family, since aunt Leonora adopted me and brought me into a new set, you know." She knitted her white forehead and opened her mouth to receive a remarkably fine damson. "Mrs. Trevanion says that every woman with ordinary attractions and ordinary opportunities will be sure to have half a dozen offers before she marries," Lina went on. "Aunt Leonora had a dozen, but she did not marry very early."

"A dozen offers! Oh, I think that must spoil it!" said Armine. "It must be much better to have only one, and that the right one."

"But if the right one doesn't come first, I should like to go on until it did," rejoined Lina, with frankness. "A friend of my mother's had fifteen offers, but she was very handsome and had money, of course."

Lina had evidently got the subject up thoroughly, far more so than Armine, who exclaimed innocently:

"Fifteen offers! And a dozen! Then there must be more men than women in the world!"

"Well," returned Lina dryly, "one man would go a good way in that sort of thing. He can be refused a good many times, you know. The thing that puzzles me is how it can all be so unequally managed, and the seven Miss Heriots left without a single offer."

"It is extraordinary," said Armine, looking over at Lina, and speaking with an unconscious earnestness which made her friend laugh.

Lina was tall and yellow-haired; she was graceful and handsome too, with the delicate grace and beauty of a tall white lily; and Armine admired her exceedingly. Just as Lina, in her turn, admired the rich bloom, the deep lustrous eyes and brown-toned beauty of the young wife. The two young girls were warm friends notwithstanding, perhaps because of their contrast of character.

"Harry Falkener is coming home from India next year," Lina said presently, and a little irrelevantly, as it seemed. "We heard the news this morning. He is my cousin, and we were a great deal together before he went abroad. He used to be very rude about girls getting married. Oh"—with a little stamp—"it's so provoking that men should be able to take that sort of tone, and to sneer at us for looking forward to marriage! Because, you know, it's true, and we can't take a high tone and say that it isn't! How I wish I could write a book that everybody would talk about, or paint a great picture, or do or be something else than a girl waiting until some man is kind enough to ask her to marry him! The men wouldn't like it themselves. Sometimes I think I'll go away and study to be a lady-doctor, just to spite Harry."

"Would that spite Harry?"

"Yes. He is very strong about 'womanly women'—that is, helpless dependent creatures, who must be married because they are fit for nothing else," said Lina, with bitterness, "the women who are so humbly women that they know and desire nothing but what men bid them to know and desire. Harry is one of the men who raise the outcry against our doing anything which would make us independent of them. "Oh," she exclaimed earnestly, "I wish I were a widow and had been married, and——"

She stopped short, for Armine lifted her hands with a sudden cry, almost of pain, "Don't!"

And at the same moment the two girls became conscious of Dr. Westwood's presence. He was standing just within the doorway, and there was something in his

gray face and haggard, hunted look which startled them both.

Armine went quickly towards him.

"You have come in for luncheon? I am so glad," she said. "Hephzibah will bring it at once."

For of late, since his home had been so much more attractive, the doctor had often found it possible to drop in just at luncheon time.

"I must not stop," he said now. "Yes, I will take a glass of wine and a biscuit, and then I must be off. I have to ride to Dartmoor. I only looked in as I was passing the door."

He could not tell her how he was haunted by the dread of what was coming upon her. It had seemed in the air as he rode along, and he had been fain to come round in his route, with the futile idea that he must be near to shield her from the blow. But it had not fallen yet; and he went away the second time, scarcely reassured.

"Well," said Lina, as the sound of his horse's hoofs died away in the distance, "I suppose I must go home and sew up something. How tiresome it all is—the people and the parties!"

"Your party was delightful," declared Armine.

"Was it?" questioned Lina. "Well, I suppose it had something like novelty for you. As for me, I know beforehand what everybody is going to wear at our gatherings. It is hardly worth while driving twelve miles out and home to look at old Mrs. Plympton's violet satin and Brussels lace for the twentieth time. And I am so tired of Mrs. Trevanion's snake-bracelets and Mrs. Peckworth's everlasting moire—to say nothing of aunt Leonora's eternal toilets of black tulle and white lilies. I want a sphere, as the women-reformers say in the papers; Combe Priors is too narrow and limited for me. It has been better since you came," she admitted as she put on her hat. "You are an original study, full of charming surprises and new experiences."

"Thank you," said Armine, dropping a little curtsey.

"You are what Harry would call 'so womanly,'" in some things," Lina went on with admirable coolness, dissecting Mrs. Dick's character to her face. "You know so exactly how to minister to the lords of creation. And then you are so independent and unconventional—which Harry would not call womanly. I should never be surprised at anything you might do. You are capable of startling us all, on occasion, sweet and well behaved as you are. In fact, you are an anomaly. I don't believe Harry has allowed for womanly anomalies," muttered the girl as she turned away.

"Fortunately," said Armine, laughing, "according to you, I have escaped from the criticism of the Harrys of the world into the safe shelter of matrimony. I begin to be glad. Good bye, dear, and thank you again."

* * * * *

"Them boys!" exclaimed Hephzibah, apostrophizing her natural enemies, as she picked the daily newspaper out of the water butt. "You can't be upsides with 'em. Catch 'em one way, and they're round the corner t'other. Just because I told the *Times* boy not to come muddying my front door steps, he's bin and throwed his paper down at the back door, and the wind or—or something," Hephzibah glanced with sudden suspicion at Tom, who was innocently chopping wood in the corner, "has took it right on top of the water butt. I must dry it by the kitchen fire before I take it in."

Armine finished her pastry, folded up her apron, and rolled down her sleeves; then she walked through the square, low ceiled hall into the sitting-room. She was thinking of Lina, planning, in a true womanly fashion, a happy future for her friend, weaving a little romance out of such scraps and atoms of "plot" as Lina furnished in her rattling talk.

The afternoon sun was shedding its yellow light broken by the soft moving shadows of the American vine, upon the carpeted floor. Dr. Westwood's arm-chair opened its comfortable arms to the young housewife—a little wearied from her task—and as she passed she took up the *Times*, which Hephzibah had duly dried and laid upon the table.

Half an hour later Hephzibah, bringing in a cup of afternoon tea for her young mistress, almost stumbled over a prostrate figure lying there in the sunshine, with the soft leaf shadows nestling tenderly over the pallid face and waxen hands.

"It's them tarts!" cried Hephzibah, as soon as she had recovered her breath.

She took the still form into her powerful arms and bore it to the couch, and as she did so the sheets of the *Times*, hitherto concealed beneath the spreading skirts, were revealed to view.

"It is not the tarts!" continued Hephzibah, sitting down suddenly because her trembling limbs refused to support her. "It's bad news! Oh, my poor Master Dick! Oh, my dear heart-broken young lady! There, lie still, my dear. I'll not bring you to, that would be cruel mercy. Oh, if the doctor would only come!"

He came in presently, with his grave gray face, and the hush of a great sorrow in his slow step. There was no need to tell him what had already been published in every home in Combe Priors, that the word which had struck Armine like a blow from Lina's heedless lips described already and all too sorrowfully her own condition. She was a widow!

CHAPTER VI.

A YEAR passed, only a year as men count by months and weeks and days—a whole lifetime as the heart counts in its low measured anguish—and Dr. Westwood and his widowed sister were sitting in their accustomed places by the autumn fireside, busy at their accustomed occupations, in the inexorable routine of daily life, which is so terrible to the stricken heart that feels as if the foundations of the world had been uprooted in the storm that had wrecked itself.

There was a change in Armine—a change, as Dr. Westwood thought, which made her infinitely more beautiful, with a beauty which went to his heart. The Hebe like cheek had lost a good deal of its roundness, the bright tints had softened; and, if the eyes had lost the child like innocent expression of a year before, they had gained something in depth and pathos which moved the doctor almost to tears whenever he met their steadfast gaze. If there was something here different from the bright young girl who had come to bless his home in all the glory of her youthful beauty and her happy love, it was something infinitely dearer and more precious.

"How can I bear to lose it?" the doctor asked himself, as he looked over at where she sat under the shaded lamp, in her black dress, with the sweet calm which had come after the tempest of sorrow which had so nearly swept her away. "Why should I lose her?" What could have caused the doctor's troubled thoughts to wander into that question, now that the history of both of them and the habits of their lives, as well as the great bond of sympathy between them, had put the thought of parting so far away?

Gossiping unkind tongues, which for very pity kept still at first, had been moving busily of late, and their poisoned sting had at last touched the doctor himself. The doctor trembled that it might reach Armine herself, to startle his sweet, desolate dove from her only resting place.

The doctor was infinitely troubled; he looked round tenderly upon the picture of home which had grown about him, and which he knew now had grown so dear to him. How could he give it all up and return to the old *regime* of Hephzibah and the surgery? Why should these profane tongues drive this young creature out into this cold world, and leave him forlorn?

The doctor mused painfully on these questions, looking into the fire, with his newspaper laid across his knee; and then suddenly there leaped up into his anxious face a great flash of supreme joy. There had come to him a whisper of the one way, the only way, in which all this could be set right—a whisper which thrilled him with a new and unutterable transport.

He rose up quickly and stood before the fire, with his back to her, lest she should see what he knew was written on his face—that wonderful, ineffable joy which had been revealed to him. And then it all died all died down, like a bright flame which sinks into gray ashes, and he was left wondering at the brief delicious madness, sighing over the beautiful impossible dream.

He started like a guilty creature as he felt the soft touch of her hand on his arm. She was standing beside him, leaning one arm to the low mantel piece, and calling his attention to herself by that light touch which showed the sisterly and brotherly confidence in which they lived.

"Brother Philip," she said, "I had something to say to you. I had almost forgotten it; and now it seems so absurd—so unnecessary. Lina Heriot has been here to day and—and Mrs. Trevanion."

The doctor looked up at her timidly—he was shamefaced still—from under his eyebrows.

"Lina and Mrs. Trevanion," he repeated after her. "well?"

"Mrs. Trevanion told me," she went on, tightening her hold of his passive arm, "what is only one more detail in the history of your goodness to—to—him and to me—how he"—she could not speak Dick's name yet—"was not your brother in anything save the dear love and honor in which he held you and the great, the sweet tenderness which you had for him. If anything could make me more grateful to you, dear Philip, it is the full knowledge of all this; and I want to tell you so now, from my full heart."

She bent down, and put her lips to the hand which still held the doctor's newspaper but which dropped it instantly, lest its rustling should betray him.

"That is the only difference the knowledge of the truth can make to me," she went on, brushing the bright drops from her eyes—"the only difference, Philip, although Mrs. Trevanion, and even Lina said things which—oh, brother Philip," she exclaimed, putting her hand suddenly into his, "I have no one to care for me but you! Why should you send me away? We love each other as brother and sister: there is no fear that we should care in any other way if we lived together for a hundred years, is there?"

"No, there is no fear," he repeated after her in a slow monotone, holding the little white hand in his and looking down upon it absently.

"Of course not," she reiterated. "Why should people be so foolish, so cruel, as to try to separate us? And I have only you now in all the world!"

"They shall not separate us," he answered, looking up at last steadfastly into her face, and speaking with calm decision. "We are brother and sister, to all intents and purposes"—he winced just a little as he said it, but she did not see it. "The tie is of Heaven's making and sealing," he added reverently, "and the idle, profane tongues of men and women who do not understand shall not frighten us apart."

"Heaven bless you, brother Philip, for that and for all!" she answered. And then she went back to her seat under the lamp, and took up her sewing again. The question was settled—and the depths which it had stirred were dangerous depths, as she knew full well; they must be lulled and quieted, or the old anguish would rise again and sweep away the hardly-earned calm.

Something of this was in Dr. Westwood's mind when he added with his old sweet smile—

"Surely I am old and ugly enough for a guardian?"

"Yes," she had almost said in her honesty; but, when she looked up at him, it struck her all at once that he was not so old or so plain as she had been used to think him. Had he changed, or had she grown to know him and to love him so well that he seemed younger and handsomer?

"You are not old, and you are not ugly," she said in answer to him; "but you are good enough for a guardian, Philip, and I am proud and happy to have you for mine."

The doctor smiled back at her, as if she had not innocently stabbed to the heart the dearest hope his life had ever held. And long after she had retired to her rest he paced the floor of the sitting room, struggling for life and death with the giant which had sprung all at once into such strong, rampant life that it would not die, notwithstanding that it was so sorely wounded.

It was well that Dr. Westwood was the idol of Combe Priors, for the good will he had so earnestly earned ranged itself on his side now. Mrs. Heriot shook her head still and Mrs. Trevanion's sharp tongue was not silent. Even Miss Peckworth pronounced that it was a pity "the poor young thing" had no other home to go to but the house of a bachelor like Dr. Westwood, though to be sure it had been the home her own husband had chosen for her.

But Colonel Trevanion pooh poohed his wife's insinuations and thrust them aside with:

"Dr. Westwood is a lucky fellow; he would be a fool to let you women drive his charming ward out into the cold. They understand each other—let them alone."

"Dr. Westwood is in love with her" Mrs. Trevanion boldly asserted touching the poor doctor's sacred wound with rude, profane fingers.

"'Pon my word, I don't blame him!" the Colonel retorted. "I wish him all success; he's a good fellow, the doctor. And the arrangement would satisfy even you, wouldn't it, Em?"

"You don't understand," she answered irritably; "you take only a man's view of the question. The fact makes the present state of things most unseemly."

"Well, it's no affair of ours," the Colonel said yawning. Dr. Westwood is old enough and wise enough to manage his own business."

"A man in love is always a fool," his better half persisted.

And, in spite of all the adverse tongues, Dr. Westwood and his ward held on their way calm, and in time their relations were tacitly accepted by those around them. And nobody save Mrs. Trevanion guessed at or believed in the sleeping giant which the poor doctor lulled to rest with such painful toil whenever he roused, as he would do all too often.

"We should never care for each other in any other way if we lived together for a hundred years," was the doctor's salvation over and over again when the madness was upon him, a cruel but effectual lullaby for the tyrant within him. Would it always be effectual?

CHAPTER VII.

THE long western summer, with its gay pageant of sunshine and flowers, which had seemed such a mockery to the sad heart they could not cheer, had died at last. Even the last flash of lingering vitality—the Indian summer—had sunk into the gray, cold stillness of autumn, whilst the stormy winds which should sweep away the mists yet delayed their coming.

Armine, whose strength had been tried by sorrow, began to revive with the more bracing season, and she made courageous efforts to go forth and take up her outside life again. Dr. Westwood found her one afternoon standing by the light-built little country vehicle he was accustomed to use, feeding the horse with apples and bread, and looking, save for her sable dress, more like the old Armine than she had done since the past terrible day.

"I am going with you if you will have me, brother Philip," she said, looking up as he came out. "But it is so long since you have invited me to drive with you that I hardly know if you will want me."

"I did not know," he began confusedly—"that is—come by all means."

At one time she had constantly ridden and driven with him on his rounds, but of late she had relinquished the habit, and he had not pressed her to return to it, partly perhaps because of the unkind tongues which had been busy with their names, partly because he knew it to be a dangerous indulgence for himself. Now, however, his heart throbbed quickly as he gave himself up to the delight which had come to him unsought, and therefore surely might be his. He helped her into the little carriage and sent back for more wraps.

"The wind has changed" said he; "it will be cold presently. I have to go in the direction of Dartmoor—the wind is keen there, and we shall be late home."

He was right; the wind had risen, and ere they came to the bleak open country it was blowing keen and cold. Moreover, the clouds had gathered and the autumn twilight darkened betimes. Armine, grown tender through her long housekeeping, shivered a little, and the doctor turned to draw her rugs and shawls closer about her. And then the longing to shelter her always, to gather her close to him and keep her there, swept over him like a flood.

The sleety rain came down upon them presently, and the evening closed in dark and dreary. It was not dreary to the enchanted doctor. The wind might rave, the tempestuous rain might beat upon him, since Armine only nestled the closer to him for shelter, and he and she were alone together. He stopped once more to draw his large waterproof cape over the warm shepherd's plaid shawl in which he had already enveloped her, and in so doing he missed his landmarks and turned out of his road in that wild, lonely region. He knew presently that he had lost his way, but it seemed to him a light matter; he could trust to his knowledge of the country, he thought, and he was in no haste to end the transporting delight of the moment. He could have driven on and on to the end of time with her, and thus. But after an hour or more of this delicious lawlessness the doctor began to look out for a cottage light, and then his rapturous exaltation toned down to sudden gravity. It might be no light matter to be lost in this bleak, inclement weather out on Dartmoor, where strayed travelers had found themselves in bad case ere now—had even perished.

Armine's weary voice asked at last—

"Are we nearly there? Is it not very dark?"

"We have lost our way," he confessed. "I can't tell how it happened. We ought to have been home two hours ago. We shall come upon a shepherd's hut presently, no doubt. You are not afraid?"

"No—not with you," she answered cheerily; but, for all her courage, some of Hephzibah's tales of lonely Dartmoor came into her mind and gave her an uneasy thrill.

The doctor got down presently, and led his horse along the uneven road, encouraging him as he stumbled along. The wind attacked them in stormy gusts, and chilled Armine through her wraps. The young robust health she had brought with her from her colonial home would scarcely have been affected by such an adventure, but now it taxed her impaired strength sorely, and she was feeling faint, and the doctor's shout sounded dim and distant in her ears, when the twinkle of a cottage light shone like a star over the track.

"Hollos! Hollos there!"

A door opened and let out a flood of warm red light upon the snow; an eager voice answered the doctor's shout, as a dark figure framed itself in the ruddy doorway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRAISE.—A true man will not take kindly to the overbearing praise of a well meaning but ignorant patron. This sort of eulogy affords little encouragement, although there may be times when it is prudent to accept it for lack of better. But, if the condescending approval of the ignorant patron be unwelcome, that of the parasite is, or ought to be, very much more so. That man must have a gross craving for bad food who can accept the fulsome flatteries of the sycophant and persuade himself that he is taking wholesome nourishment. To abstain from indignant protest at the first offer of such stuff argues either weakness of character or dullness of perception; but to swallow it and then evince readiness to accept more is to confess to utter depravity of taste. M. S.

Mr. Gladstone's writings must yield a considerable sum of money, whereas speech-making brings nothing. He has a very large family, and is not wealthy, though his wife has a large property, so that money does not come amiss to him. His only married daughter is the wife of the Master of Willington College.

THE CHANGING STYLE.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

As is wont with ladies when their hats are old—
Six months or more—the smiling Summer now
Begins to wish in shady dell and wold
For other wreaths wherewith to deck her brow.

The fair green cap that erewhile graced her head,
With trembling leaves and fruits and grasses rife,
Unfashionable grown, perforce is shed,
To give the newer style its short-termed life.

A band of russet-brown becomes the rage,
And circles round her brow in changing fold,
While dying taste attains its latest stage,
In some few remnants of bright red and gold.

And's if repenting for the folly done,
In younger days when flushed and warm with youth,
She flirts no longer, but a prim-faced nun,
In sack-cloth clad, the time regrets forsooth!

Yet though so changed we love the Summer still,
For Hope beams from her eyes and sings a strain,
That when the fashion's changed as fashions will,
In old-time glory drest, she'll come again.

Lady Margery.

BY W. H. C.

"ISIDOR VIGNAUX!" Lady Margery's hand trembled slightly, and her face grew colorless; but she did not glance up from her escritoire where she was writing invitations upon satiny, perfumed note-sheets, bearing the gilded crest of the honorable house of Edes.

"Who is he, my dear?" she questioned carelessly of her indolent, Saxon-fair husband who lounged near, smoking fragrant cigarettes.

"A rather nice sort of fellow, Margery; French, and not very young, you know. I met him on the Continent last season.

"But is not our list full enough, Garnier? Of course I will invite him if you wish, but do you think it well to ask people here, about whom we know so little, now that Miriam—"

"Is a baby yet," laughingly interrupted her husband. "Why, Margery, the girl will not be out for several seasons; so do not commence to worry your head about settlements for her. As for this Vignaux, he cares more for a quiet game of *ecarte* than for any pink-faced girl in Christendom. Not that I'm so particular about inviting him only he is staying with Creighton, and I can scarcely avoid it."

"Very well; as you say, of course," rejoined Lady Edes, calmly, not caring to excite the curiosity of her husband by too pointed an exhibition of dislike to this stranger's coming.

"Though, what are the odds?" she exclaimed, passionately, dashing down her pen when Lord Edes had left the room. "What have I to hope from Isidor when once he comes here and recognises me? And yet a reprieve ever so slight, is like a spar to a drowning wretch."

Again the lady's jeweled hand moved rapidly to and fro over the paper. But when she had completed the note which summoned to her home the man who had the power to desolate, she arose and paced the floor in an agony of dread and despair.

Yet an hour later, when she sat at luncheon with the few guests already assembled, there was no trace upon her haughty face of the secret buried in her heart; no more than when she stood, handsome, cold, and proud, before the stranger her husband introduced with such careless, pleasant freedom—

"Lady Edes, allow me. Monsieur Vignaux. I have pledged myself to turn him out one of the best cross-field riders in the district."

"Ah, madam, Lord Edes has been promising me all manner of sports and pleasures, but he has not painted the half. What delight, indeed, could compare with being the guest of so charming a hostess!" and the Frenchman bowed gallantly.

Yet not the most observant watcher could have detected that these two had met before.

Only Lady Margery knew that those keen brilliant eyes held a sneering consciousness within their depth of days when their owner had not been wont to greet Garnier Edes's wife as he greeted her now.

But she did not quail before this consciousness.

No matter that the cloud o'ershadowing her grew blacker and more threatening; she would meet her fate proud to the last.

And this haughty spirit Isidor Vignaux admired.

Knowing to the full his power over this woman he liked to feel how he could torture her; how utterly from her high and hitherto happy position he could dethrone and degrade her.

And, watching her, he detected the affection and the fear, the color and the pallor, that came to her eyes and face as, with the bringing in of the dessert, a fairy figure, with eyes blue as a sunshiny sky, flitted into the room.

"Ah, ah, she loves this fair creature—his child it must be. Well, it is a pretty thing; but not to be compared to her dark, proud, passionate self."

Yet Vignaux kept his gaze upon Miriam and registered a vow concerning her.

Did Lady Edes fathom his thoughts?

Certainly the girl was seldom to be seen after that day.

The Frenchman merely smiled as he noted the fact.

He was in high favor with the guests, and enjoyed the sports.

It seemed that he could well dispense with making himself agreeable to a baby-faced schoolgirl.

He even did not often put himself in direct association with the dark eyed hostess who treated him with such unfathomable careless pride.

And Lady Edes?

She endured each day's suspense without the slightest betrayal of its exquisite torture.

Vignaux could not discover that she writhed under his most exalted or insinuating compliments.

And who should guess, who could know of the bitter night vigils she kept, when she stole softly from her dressing room to shed hot, heart-broken tears at Miriam's bedside, or to bend above her husband's unconscious form in an agony of deathless and dreading love?

But still the blow that she expected had not fallen, though the guests were preparing to say farewell to their noble hosts.

Sometimes Margery drew her breath in a sudden spasm of hope.

Perhaps Vignaux meant to spare her.

But when she was dressed for dinner the last day of the Frenchman's stay, and came out into the upper corridor, she was undeceived.

Vignaux advanced to meet her.

"I will see you in the billiard-room while the gentlemen are still at table," he whispered with easy insolence, as they were joined by another guest.

Lady Edes marvelled how she lived through that dinner hour, though hers was the most brilliant repartee, the readiest laughter.

But Vignaux saw the unutterable woe that dilated her eyes as her glance, while leaving the room, rested upon her husband's face.

Ten minutes later she stepped into the billiard-room and found her enemy awaiting her.

"Pray be seated, Lady Edes," he said, gallantly, as she stopped, haughtily, a few steps from him.

She threw her head back proudly.

"No need, sir; our interview must be brief."

"For fear that you will be discovered here? It would not be nearly so unpleasant a fact as a certain truth I could reveal. However, we will be quits concerning that upon one condition, Margery."

"Name it."

"I want to marry Lord Edes's daughter, and——"

"Her forty thousand a year," suggested Lady Edes, scornfully.

"Of course I like the money; but let me tell you a truth, my black-eyed beauty. I could renounce it for your sweet sake; but I know you will not come—bah! you idolize that fair effeminate husband of yours—so I will make a second choice and marry the pretty Miriam."

"You never shall!"

Lady Edes's face was full, now, of concentrated passion.

"Not" said Vignaux, with tantalising coolness. "Perhaps you are not aware that despite your little precautions, I have seen the girl daily since I came; that she is mine, soul and body, by right of the most passionate and abandoned love; that like a rash and precipitate Margery Vare, we once knew she is ready to renounce friends and the world for my sake."

Lady Edes regarded him for a minute in silent horror.

She did not doubt the man's assertions.

She knew him capable of deadly fascination and diabolical duplicity.

"I will save Miriam from you and from herself!" she cried, at last.

"But at what cost? Have you counted that? I think it is too large a one for you to pay. You will bring about my marriage with this girl."

"I tell you I never will! I would sooner kill her with my own hand than see her your wife."

"Nonsense! Do not waste time in heroics. How will you help yourself?"

"I will tell my husband all the truth—how a wild, romantic, and sinned-against school girl was coaxed from her convent home and into a supposed marriage with an adventurer and gambler. That, when he had made away with her small fortune, he discovered to her his true character and the deception he had practiced upon her, and—"

"Bah! Tell what you like! It is enough that you acknowledge that much of your past! I will add to it how readily you came to my arms, and how gladly you stayed there until you became violently jealous of a girl of high degree whom I wished to make my wife; how you interfered with that marriage, and tearful of my vengeance, assumed a false name and character and angled for the proud position of 'Lady Edes.' Think you your noble husband will ever forgive you the deceit which allied his high name with your disgrace? That he will take back to his arms the whilom adventuress?"

Margery's proud, pale face met his undaunted, but her lips syllabled no reply.

"Ah, you know that he will not! And yet you can hesitate to buy your present high position at the cost of wedding to me that pretty pink-faced creature, who is none of yours?"

"She is his child," Margery said, slowly. "I will not see her wronged. Go your way—do your worst—but you shall not tempt me!"

"I give you until to-morrow's dawn to accept my proposition. I am in earnest and you know yourself absolutely in my power. You know, too, how much you care to have your husband learn the history of your past; and it is only that I have yet a little lingering fancy for you that I offer you the chance to buy my silence."

Lady Edes signed the man away, imperiously, announcing—

"You shall know my decision in the morning."

And when she deemed herself alone, unconscious that her struggle with temptation was watched as keenly as her interview with her tempter had been listened to, she paced the floor in intense excitement.

"Wealth, position, honor, love, heaven! To forfeit them all when I can purchase silence. Why should not I save myself? How can I be degraded in Garnier's eyes? Oh Garnier, Garnier! God alone knows how I love you—that I believed the intensity of my passion could atone for my silence to you regarding the past. We have been very happy, Garnier. Can I give you up?"

Oh, the bitterness of that struggle between right and wrong!

But, at the last pure, heroic, self renunciating love saved Margery Edes from yielding to evil.

"She is your child, Garnier," she said, at length. "I will never sacrifice her, I promised to love her as my own, and I will—yes better than myself. I will let her be your all. When you read the truth, and know how I have cared for you, and that I chose to give my life for her, and for your honor, you must at least remember me pityingly."

And with white, set face Lady Edes sought her own room.

That night she dismissed her maid and sat writing till late. Then she donned a hood and long mantel, and so attired crept softly to the corridor.

But the gaunt form of her elderly servant met her there, and pushed her back, motioning her with uplifted, warning finger, and following into the dimly-lighted boudoir.

"Take off those rags, my lady," the woman whispered. "You need not sacrifice yourself, another victim to the treachery and diabolism of the man who lies in yonder chamber. You are very brave, my dear. *Mon Dieu!* I worship you—I hate him—so I have saved you! I heard his threats—you have been sinned against; but my lord shall never know. Be happy. Isidor Vignaux is dead. I was his wife, his true wife, years ago. He cast me off and took my child from me; he alone knows to what fate he consigned it. When I found he held the fate of this house in his hands, and that you would sacrifice yourself, but not my lord or his child, I said, I will save her. Isidor deserves nothing at my hands. I have left a note at his side saying who I am and that I did the deed. For the rest, your safety is in your own hands."

The strange woman stole from the room, and escaped the grasp of the law when all the country side was ringing with accounts of the tragedy.

And Lady Margery Edes breathed a grateful prayer that she had been so strangely but awfully saved from temptation and death.

A SMART MULE.—Mules are said to be very dull of comprehension and only pert in a very perverted sense of the term. Why, even the word "mulish" is considered a synonym for absurd obstinacy. There is one mule in this town who has conclusively proven that he is a good, smart mule. A few days ago this bright specimen trotted up in a limping way to a blacksmith shop near by, and deliberately walked in. He seemed to be very uneasy and restless, exhibiting unmistakable signs of pain. The men in the shop were rather taken aback by the mule who thus came to the shop unbridled and loose. At last the mule lifted up one of his legs and, with a gesture of his head, directed the attention of one of the men to his foot. It was then discovered that a nail had worked its way into the flesh, evidently causing the apparent pain. The nail was then drawn out and his mule-ship, much relieved, trotted off.

All the axes and hacksaws found in the ruins of Pompeii are of light make, as if constructed for woman's use. Those ancients knew their business.

Life is like wine—if we would enjoy its purity we must drink it to the very dregs.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

CURIOUS FACTS.—Milk, if injected in the veins, acts as a deadly poison.—Texas derives its name from an Indian word, signifying "beautiful."—The wild duck and wild pigeon fly between four hundred and five hundred miles in a day.

MAN AND LOCUST.—A middling sized man would weigh as much as 4 000 wrens, and as much as 10 000 locusts. The note of a locust can be heard one sixteenth of a mile. If a man of moderate size could make his note heard at a distance proportionate in comparison to his size, his voice would be heard at the distance of 1 000 miles.

QUEER MONEY.—China once coined money from the bark of the mulberry tree. Lycurgus, of Greece, demonetized gold and silver and issued iron coins as the legal money of Sparta. Carthagenia coined money from leather. So did France, as late as 1360. In 1035 grains of corn, beans and musket balls were current money in Massachusetts.

A MISER'S ARTIFICE.—One of the inhabitants of a Scotch village went by the name of 'Old John Mealyface.' He was very miserly in his habits and didn't allow his wife enough to eat. To stay her hunger she would often—when her husband was out of the way—bake a loaf for herself. Old John found this out, and to prevent it, adopted a singular plan. Before going to market he would press his face in the flour in the bin. When he came back, he put his face in the flour again and thus from the fit could tell whether she had been at it or not.

THE CRIMINAL'S LAST DRAUGHT.—The custom of offering doomed criminals a last earthly draught of refreshment is undoubtedly one of considerable antiquity. The right of offering wine to criminals, on their passage to the scaffold, was often a privilege granted to religious communities. In Paris, the privilege was held by the convent of Filles-Dieu, the nuns of which kept wine prepared for those who were condemned to suffer on the gibbet. The gloomy procession halted before the gate of the monastery, the criminal descended from the cart, and the nuns, headed by the Lady Abbess, received him on the steps with as much, perhaps more, heartfelt ceremony than if he had been a king. The poor wretch was led to a crucifix near the church door, the feet whereof he humbly kissed. He then received, from the hands of the Superior, three pieces of bread (to remind him of the Trinity) and one glass of wine (emblem of Unity.) The procession then resumed its dread way to the scaffold.

SENATE PAGES.—One of the pages of the United States Senate, in a letter says: We used to get $90 a month, but now it is only $75. The boy that gets the President's room is rewarded with $1400 hundred a year. The perquisites for the pages are considerable. A good one has no trouble in making $100 a month. A complete book of the autographs of Congressmen and the heads of departments brings $50. A page made $800 out of what was known as the 'deadlock picture'—a humorous sketch. While the Electoral Commission was in session the boys had a good opportunity to make something. They speculated on the extra tickets the Congressmen shelled out. I sold one to Lizzie Snow for $30; Washington people know who she is. I knew a boy who made $80 off the bier of Charles Sumner. He sold the flowers for $20. Wormly paid him $10 for one bouquet. When the casket was removed he watched his opportunity and cut the fringe from the bier. He sold it to the colored people for $60, dealing it out in pieces.

AMERICA'S GREATNESS.—The greatest cataract in the world is the falls of Niagara where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-quarters of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted plunges over the rocks in two columns, to the depth of 170 feet each. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish that are without eyes. The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi—4 100 miles long. The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500 000 miles, and is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the globe. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1 000 feet deep. The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific Railroad—over 3 000 miles in length. The greatest natural bridge in the world is the Natural Bridge of Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm 80 feet in width and 250 feet in depth, at the bottom of which the creek flows. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain, of Missouri. It is 350 feet high, and two miles in circuit. The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqueduct in New York. Its length is forty miles and a half, and it cost $12 500 000. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.

TREASURES.

BY T. A.

The rose, preserved with tender care:
The perfumed note; the tress of hair—
  That speak of boyish folly—
From cozy depths of easy chair
I scan them all with shrugging air
  Of cynic melancholy.
The "carte de dance;" the crumpled glove;
The netted purse—"with Polly's love?"
  (Confound it! which was Polly?)

A foolscap page of lover's sighs
To one whom I apostrophize
  As "stony-hearted Janet."
I call the damsel cruel—cold,
In threadbare terms about as old
  As this decrepit planet.
Ah, well, those self same halting rhymes
Did duty half a dozen times—
  They all had hearts of granite!

'Tis sweet to dream of vanished youth,
Of days long dead and gone—in truth
  A pleasing occupation!
Of boyhood's "fitful fever" o'er;
Of follies past—a matter for
  Sincere congratulation!
So, dusty relics! with a sigh—
(An epitaph unspoken)—I
  Consign you to cremation.

Ah, lips of woman!—rosy, ripe—
The amber mouth-piece of my pipe
  To me is twice as charming.
When one arrives at fifty odd,
The arrows of the archer god
  Have lost their power of harming.
A wounded heart will ache, no doubt;
But then one finds a twinge of gout
A trifle more alarming!

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"WHAT do you mean, father?" demanded Vera quickly. "Who is Farmer Tredegar? Tell me the story from the beginning."

"It is a sorry tale for your ears, Vera; but you are a woman of the world, though a girl in years. Farmer Tredegar is a tenant of Sir Randal's. His only daughter Maggie—a motherless girl too—is very pretty. She was at the Royal on the night of the ball, and Vivian went and talked to her then. There is nothing in that perhaps, as he had known her when both were children; but that was not all. Last night I was out riding, and I met Mr. Everest—— Well?"

For Vera had moved her hand suddenly, and a quick look of scorn came into her eyes.

"Nothing," she said "Go on."

"We were riding by Tredegar's Farm, and Everest allowed some expression of pity to escape him, 'Poor fellow!' or something to that effect. I asked him the meaning of it. Then he said he was thinking of the daughter; he supposed she was hardly to be blamed, and so on. It ended by his telling me, under the promise of my not repeating it at Chandos Royal, that a short while ago—on the very day that I was out so late, and Devereux was at this house—Everest was returning home by the Croome Lea Lane—you know the spot—having walked over to Bomore on some business, when he heard Vivian's voice—it is not one easily mistaken. He looked through the hedge, and saw Devereux standing talking to Maggie Tredegar. The girl seemed to be in distress. He heard Vivian say something about its being better for her to be away. There can be no mistake of identity; besides, Devereux was leading his horse Selim, and the Cuban bloodhound was with him. Afterwards they walked on together, and Vivian parted with the girl at the stile leading to the Croome Lea. What follows? Maggie Tredegar has left her home. Doubtless her poor father believes that she has gone to stay with some aunt in Devonshire, as it seems she given out; but there can be no doubt of the black part Vivian Devereux has played in this affair."

Was Vera staggered? No—not for an instant. She heard her father without interruption, with perhaps a deeper shade of pallor on her cheek, but a steady light in her large eyes, an almost stern settling of the lines of the delicate mouth.

"No man," she said in her soft rich voice, 'should be condemned unheard. I have little doubt that the more skeleton of Mr. Everest's story is correct; the rest may be, I believe is, totally erroneous. Ask Mr. Devereux. I, for my part, will place full reliance on his explanation. I believe him to be as incapable of a lie to save himself as he is of the base dishonor imputed to him."

"What!" cried Arthur Calderon, with a look that would have made a timid girl wince, but only fired Vera's haughty, independent spirit, "do you know of Vivian Devereux that you answer so readily for his honor?"

What indeed? And yet she would answer for his honor as well as for her own.

"I know," she said, "that he is neither profligate nor liar. At least, ask him the truth."

"Vera, I will tell you plainly what I shall do. I shall write to him, and ask him to admit or deny what I accuse him of. If he cannot satisfy me that he never spoke to the girl, that he was elsewhere at the time, he crosses this threshold no more."

"Father, it is unjust, iniquitous!" Vera spoke deliberately, without outward passion, with superb pride of look and mien. "No man worthy of the name, least of all so haughty a man, would stoop to defend himself from a charge in which he is prejudged, in which he is treated as a common criminal, bound to prove every statement he makes. Do as you will; but do not forget that I am your daughter. If you cannot spare me to my face, spare my name when you write to Vivian Devereux."

Calderon paused; wild words rushed to his lips, but never passed them. Oh, if in his blind wrath he had but spoken, if but a few words had escaped him, how those few words would have changed his whole future! How awful a page of sin and unutterable woe would have remained unwritten! But he checked the syllable on his tongue. He dashed aside the chair by which he had stood, and strode past his daughter to the door.

"Very well," he said in a suppressed voice—and his hard mouth was cruel now—"I will write, and, if you believe in the 'honor' of such a man, do not forget that you are Vera Calderon."

He went straight to his study, and Vera stood still where he had left her.

"Oh, Heaven!" she said, pressing her hands over her eyes, "what misery is this! He will believe I think him guilty, and I cannot undeceive him!"

And then, in most bitter humiliation, she sank down, hiding her face from the light, and sobbing convulsively. She knew too well, beyond her years in thought and feeling, and knowledge of the human heart, that her own was free no longer, and with the anguish of the thought that Vivian Devereux would believe she wronged him came the inexpressible pain of the knowledge that sharpened that anguish and seemed to crush her, this proud, noble woman, to the very earth.

CHAPTER XV.

VIVIAN DEVEREUX reached Chandos Royal in the early morning, and found his father better than he had expected; but it was clear to Vivian that the old man's thread of life was nearly spun. He was more cordial however to his son than he had ever been before; his pride was pleased by his brilliant success. Lady Constance was ecstatic, and her congratulations bristled with italics. Duke had only a sneer. Mr. Everest did not make his appearance; he pleaded a sick headache and had breakfast in his own rooms. Was he afraid to meet Vivian Devereux's keen gaze?

Directly after breakfast Lady Constance, who was to leave for London by a midday train, retired to give some instructions to her maid, and Vivian went to the library to write letters. He had not finished his task when a tap came at the door, and his valet entered and handed him a letter.

"Where from?" he said, not recognizing the handwriting.

"From Temple Rest, monsieur. The messenger did not wait."

"Thanks; very well;" and Alphonse, who worshipped the very ground his young master walked on, departed.

Vivian broke the seal, and read the following letter—

"Dear Mr. Chandos Devereux:—I have been informed, on authority which I do not feel at liberty to name, but which you may perhaps be able to trace, that you have been guilty of conduct forfeiting the good opinion of any man of honor. My informant saw you, on a recent evening in June, in the company of Farmer Tredegar's daughter Maggie, in the Croome Lea Lane, evidently by appointment. Since that date the girl has left her home, and it is given out—her father being apparently under the same impression—that she is gone to stay with a relative in Devonshire. It is, of course, not possible that any one else could have been mistaken for you. I make no comment on such deliberate wickedness; my own line of conduct sufficiently shows my estimate of it. I am compelled to say that henceforth we must be as strangers, and my doors must be closed against you. If you can assure me, and give me proof positive, that you were elsewhere at the time, then matters may assume a different complexion; but I may as well tell you at once that I will listen to no explanation other than a satisfactory denial of the circumstances.

"ARTHUR WYNDHAM CALDERON."

With a brow and lip stern and set as marble, Vivian Devereux read the shameful letter to the end, then flung it down, and, setting his foot on it, laughed—

"'Proof positive,' satisfactory denial,'" he said—"new words for a Chandos Devereux. So pretty Maggie Tredegar is what—Heaven help her!—but for me she might have been, and I am her destroyer, and a liar as well. You are happy in that belief, Mr. Calderon. You are welcome. I would cut off my right hand before I would stir to shake it for my own sake, and for Maggie's I am powerless. I am prejudged, and so no more of that. Next"—and again he laughed—"Mr. Clinton Everest will strengthen the bond of union between myself and my saintly brother by informing him of my delinquency; Duke, safe in the knowledge that I shall not betray him—for the poor child's sake, if for nothing else—will assume the mantel of virtue with the best effect, and Vivian Devereux, who has nothing of his brother's love, must cheerfully bear the burden of his brother's sins. I thought he had enough of his own to carry! But they are too light, it seems, to bring him to his knees."

He walked through the long room once or twice; the bitter irony left his lips, the mocking light his eyes; he paused, and clenched his hands together, and his heart rose up in mute passionate questioning—

"Will she believe it? Will she condemn me unheard? No, no; the very thought wrongs her. But how can I tell her such a tale as this? Saints in heaven, am I to suffer this too? Never; Vera shall hear me. If she trusts me, the whole world may cry 'Shame!' and it will be no more to me than the breath of a passing breeze; but, if I am silent, she must think me guilty, or that I scorn even her good will."

He sat down and wrote a brief note to Arthur Calderon. The letter he had received, he said, was practically answered by the writer. It was not possible that he, Devereux, could stoop to offer explanation where the only foundation of explanation—respect for truth—was assumed to have no existence.

But to Vera he wrote—

"Dear Miss Calderon:—You will, I dare to believe, pardon me for addressing a letter to you. I can only hope you will not only pardon, but grant the request I have to make. The enclosed letter from your father to me will not perhaps be anything new to you. I send it only that you may see clearly that it has precluded me from offering any explanation to him. But to you, if you will hear me, I will explain the truth. Of your kindness I ask the favor of an interview. I cannot cross the threshold of Temple Rest. Dare I ask you to meet me in Temple Park this evening, between five and six, at the spot where I saw you a short while ago? If I ask too much, at least grant me, in your thoughts, that which even the common criminal may claim—the justice of doubt."

The first letter he sent by messenger, the second by post.

The first Arthur Calderon received the same morning. He walked straight into his daughter's presence and threw it down before her.

"This is Vivian Devereux's answer," he said.

She took it and read it, and the blood rushed to her temples.

"It is the only letter a proud man could have written," she answered quietly, and without another word stepped through the open window on to the terrace.

The second letter Vera found in the breakfast room the next morning—she was usually down long before her father—and she started as her eyes fell on the address, and every drop of blood seemed to surge back on her heart. She took up the letter and went to her own boudoir to read it. Without faltering, she read it through, though her lips trembled and her heart throbbed almost to suffocation. Then she rose up, and the letter fell to the ground. Meet him! Meet Vivian Devereux! Must it be? Was there no other way? She did not doubt him; she believed him, trusted him. Let him tell her simply that he was falsely accused; she would ask nothing more—anything, anything but meet him! She wrung her hands and knelt down by the couch where she had sat, shivering and moaning.

"I cannot—oh, I cannot! Why is my faith so much to him?" Suddenly she rose again. Her father's letter! She had forgotten it. She took it up and read it, and her lips grew white. A strange stern resolute look came into her eyes.

"I will go," she said, dropping her hands. "I have worn the mask before, I can wear it now. Years ago"—she shivered and sighed as the memory framed itself in words—but not audible words—Vera never spoke her musings—"I was told by one who should be a good judge, that I had 'rare powers of dissimulation,' and that I should play a part on the world's stage in which those powers would be taxed to their utmost."

Was he a true prophet? Was the curtain already rising on the drama in which Vera Calderon was to enact a part that would take its place in the records of future history?

CHAPTER XVI.

UNDER the spreading trees, through the flickering shadows, Vera Calderon passed. A bright-eyed squirrel darted out and peeped at her; a bird twittered dreamily above. These wood denizens had the glade all to themselves, save when Vera's slight form came among them; and they had nothing to fear from her. But she did not heed them now; she saw only the solitary man's figure leaning with folded arms against the tree beneath the shade of which she had sat that day that was like a bright all too brief dream. His eyes were bent upon the ground, but he heard the soft sweep of her long robe on the grass, and looked up, and a quick color crossed his face. He made a step forward and paused. The girl colored too, and a pained expression flitted over her features because he hesitated. She held out her hand with her old frank graceful manner; and Vivian clasped it in his own, and touched it with his lips in a courtier fashion.

"You are generous indeed!" he said, in a low tone. "I hardly dared to hope you would come."

"Not generous—only just. My father seals your lips; I stand in his place."

"In his place?" Vivian answered. "No, I do not appeal to you as a mediator; it is your faith I ask, not his. Ah, forgive me! But I have borne slander unmurmuringly, because I scorned it too much to repudiate it; I have laughed at what the world said of me, kept silence when I might have refuted evil report. Why should you believe I was haughty, reckless, but not guilty? You said that you gave no credit to vague reports; but this that has come to your ears is no mere rumor; it is stern fact that cannot be contradicted or argued away. I cannot deny the fact."

While he spoke Vera had stood with her hands locked together, her head drooping and somewhat averted. She looked up now with a keen steady glance that for a moment met his fully and unflinchingly.

"If my father," she said, with a touch of haughtiness in her manner, "has done you no wrong, what explanation have you asked me to hear from you?"

Devereux drew back a step, flushing deeply.

"I deserve the rebuke," he returned, with a proud humility that pierced her to the heart; "but, oh, is it not enough for you to believe me guiltless of this last villainy laid at my door! There may be a hundred reasons why a solitary fact should be distorted; it is not alone the evil, but the will to work it that would do me foul dishonor. My word may be sufficient to explain away the first; can it explain away the second? Can you believe, after all you have heard of me, that I would not, could not stoop to deceive and betray"—he was speaking now with intense though suppressed passion—"that whatever my sins—and they are many—I claim no spotless life—the name of Vivian Devereux has never been linked with dishonor?"

"Your word," Vera said, speaking with strange calmness, despite her inward trembling, "is all sufficient; it is hardly needed. I have not lived in the world in vain—my own judgment freed you from the stain of such guilt before your lips repudiated it. Pardon me—oh, pardon me if, stung by what seemed to me to imply that I could doubt your word of honor, I have wounded you by a question, asked in sarcasm, that a moment's thought would have checked!"

"No, no," objected Vivian hurriedly, "not that—not a plea for pardon from you. The wrong was mine—you did but meet me with my own weapon—it gave a wound only because my own heart first accused me." He paused, crushing back the all but overmastering impulse to utter words that must not be spoken now, and, after a momentary silence, added in soft measured accents, "You have told me you believe my word all sufficient. For that I thank you. I make no assumption of being better than my contemporaries. I am not stainless, Heaven knows—not without reproach, but yet free of even the passing thought that could degrade a pure hearted woman."

"I know it," said Vera, her clear luminous eyes meeting his for a second, and then drooping; "and, if you are to blame for haughty silence under unjust reproach, I at least cannot impute it, for you have my sympathy. As to this special charge, I ask no explanation in so far as it touches you; but——" She paused; for the first time her voice faltered; her hands moved nervously, then clenched themselves tightly, and she looked up resolutely, though with a heightened color. "Mr. Devereux," she went on firmly, "if we have reason to suspect anything that sacrifices the honor of one whom we have received as a guest, if not a friend, we have some right to ask of those who know the truth whether our suspicions are unfounded or not. I have been brought up in the world, and I draw no hard and fast line; but the man who could act as my father believes you have acted, will never again be guest of Vera Calderon's."

"Heaven forbid it!" said Vivian involuntarily. "And yet, Miss Calderon, you are right. I cannot, dare not, withhold the truth, though it shame the name of Devereux."

"My suspicions, then, were not unfounded," remarked the girl slowly; and Vivian saw the gathering scorn in the dark eyes, the passionate quiver of the crimson lips; "and he dared——" The last words were almost in a whisper. She stopped with a long deep drawn breath. No, Duke Devereux's homage to her was insult; but still he was Vivian's brother.

"How," she said, after a momentary silence which he did not attempt to break, "did you learn the truth?"

"From Maggie's own lips."

He then told her of his brother's duplicity to the farmer's daughter, and what he had advised her to do.

Vera's heart throbbed with feelings she dared not utter. If Vivian Devereux had been her friend, she would have spoken freely; for how many men would have gone aside to save the honor of a peasant girl? But she loved him, and so her lips were sealed. She stood for a few moments without speaking; then she said sorrowfully—

"It is a cruel injustice that you should suffer for your brother's sin. He wears a cloak of virtue, and passes for a saint, but—forgive me—I have never trusted him."

"I need no words to tell me that," said Vivian, with a half smile. "If I had thought the homage he offered you had met, could meet, with any response from you, I should not have been here to-day. What else could force me—even though it cost you pain—to seek your presence? Vera, oh, Vera, hear me. On the first night I saw you the whole current of my life was changed—you opened to me a new world. The touch of your hand thrilled me as no other touch had ever done. Vera,"—his voice sank almost to a whisper—"I cannot be wrong; I have thought that you loved me—Vera, my darling!"

The girl dropped her hand and turned to him, and he clasped her to his breast, all doubt hushed, her one look had answered him; and now in trembling silence she clung to him, and Vivian, silent too, pressed his lips to hers in the long passionate kiss of a first love.

So the deep gloaming of the summer evening fell, and the stillness of the summer woods wrapped them round as Vivian's close embrace and great love wrapped the slight form and beating heart. Oh, had not such love as his power to stay the hand that was even now stretched out to drag her into darkness? Was it the shadow of that future so near, so terrible, or the keen and sudden memory of words, uttered perhaps only in the wanderings of madness, that roused Vera abruptly from her bright brief dream of happiness. She raised her head, and her eyes sought his with a pained wistful look

"Vivian," she whispered, and the soft color rose to her cheek at the first utterance of his name, "nothing will ever sever your life from mine—nothing will ever part us."

Close clasped to him, she felt the strong shiver that shook him; but he spoke with infinite tenderness and steadfast conviction.

"Earth cannot, Heaven will not, part us. You are the first woman I have ever loved, Vera."

"I know it; you could not love twice."

"Never!" The surface calm of utterance could not hide the passion of eye and lip; it trembled in the musical voice. "I have given my whole heart, my whole life of love, into your keeping, and I cannot take it back; even your own hand would have no power to crush it, for these lips could not deceive me, could not make me believe that the heart is false."

Have not such lovers' vows been breathed ten thousand times, written in the air, registered in sand? Such language did not make Vera tremble; her own noble spirit clasped hands with it. She lifted her face to meet his kiss, and the look of dread was gone.

"The shadow has passed away," she said. "Pray Heaven it may not return!"

It was dark now. The sky was starless, and a light breeze had sprung up and rustled mournfully among the trees. Vera shuddered as they passed onward through the park towards Temple Rest.

"Vivian," she said suddenly, "my father——"

"Cannot stand between us," he interposed bending down and looking full into her eyes; "at least, not for long."

"No, not for long," said the girl, "for he is unjust; but, Vivian, have patience with him."

"Do you plead with me as if my will could cross yours, Vera? Ah, let me rather plead with you! Remember, if I rebel against the injustice that severs me from you, if only for a little time, that you are the one light of my life. Other men have mother, sisters, home ties, affections that fill some vacant spaces in the inner life, but you are all I have, Vera."

They had reached the spot at which he was to leave her.

"And I will be," she said, with trembling lips, as he folded her once more in his arms, "so much to you that you will be content, save only for your mother."

So they parted; and, as Vivian Devereux went back through the forest land, the wind rose higher and higher, and swept in great gusts among the boughs and bowed the tall bracken.

"There will be a storm to-night," said the fishermen on the coast.

And at midnight a sobbing wail startled Vivian Devereux as he sat alone in the library; and, as it died away in the distance, the quick wild tolling of an alarm-bell pealed down the gale from the lofty towers of Temple Rest.

CHAPTER XVII.

As swiftly as the sound of the bell had succeeded the supernatural wail, did the shock of the first sound vanish from Vivian's mind before the horror of the second. He knew by the direction that it could come from nowhere but Temple Rest. In a second he was on the terrace; the bell had ceased, but he had heard it clearly; his ears had not been deceived. With a swiftness free from all hurry or seeming agitation, Vivian, who always carried a key of his own to Selim's stable, reached the stable, and saddled and mounted the noble Arab. As he rode away, Vivian glanced back at the house. There was no sign of any one stirring. Duke's apartment was in the wing farthest removed from Temple Rest, and, besides, he slept heavily. It was not likely that even the unearthly wail had disturbed him.

The noble horse bounded forward, and hedge and tree and field flew past in wild panorama. Naturally, Vivian's first thoughts had been of fire; but there was no glow in the sky, and, as the dark mass of building rose before him, he saw that this fear had no foundation. What was it? Lights flitted to and fro; his heart sickened. But another moment, six minutes from Chandos Royal, brought him to the lodge gates. They stood open; black figures were grouped about, talking and gesticulating excitedly. He reined up the foaming horse. Some one sprang forward with an exclamation—it was the lodge-keeper's wife.

"Mr. Devereux—oh, sir!"

"Hush!" said Vivian, almost sternly, in the agony of his suspense. "What has happened? Answer quickly!"

"The master, sir"—and now the others gathered round with awe-struck faces—"He's fallen over the Brida Cliffs. He was seen near them—he——"

"Where is Miss Calderon? Not out on the cliff, surely?"

"No, sir, she's up at the Hall. There are two lots gone to search, but what good? It's sheer down. Oh——"

Vivian waited for no more. He gave Selim the rein again, and in three minutes had traversed the mile that lay between the gates and the house, had flung himself from the horse, and sprung up the steps into the hall, for the doors stood wide open. The hall was ablaze with light, and some of the servants were clustered about.

"Where is Miss Calderon?" said Vivian briefly.

"Up stairs, sir," replied one of the women; and before she could offer her services he bounded up the wide staircase. As he reached the top, a door in the gallery opened, and a tall dark-robed figure came out quickly, paused abruptly as she saw him, and, with a low cry, sprang forward into his arms.

"Vivian, Vivian—oh, thank Heaven you are come!"

"My darling, is it true what they have told me?"

"Come in here," she said hurriedly, "and I will tell you all in a few moments."

He led her into the drawing-room, closing the door, and then Vera hid her face on his breast, and for the first time in two terrible hours broke down utterly, sobbing passionately, despairingly. Calm, tearless, self-possessed, she had commanded, directed, organised. She had suffered no confusion, no waste of time—nothing had escaped her keen eye and prompt judgment; but, now that the extreme need was, for the present at any rate, passed, the loving clasp, the tender voice, broke the tension. But he soothed her with gentle touch, with soft pressure of his lips to her brow, with low-spoken words of comfort; and presently she mastered herself and looked up.

"I am better now," she said, in the weary tone of physical and mental exhaustion, though her lips still quivered convulsively. "I think I can tell you, Vivian."

"In a few moments, dear."

She looked so wan and haggard, his darling, with whom he had parted only a few hours before, with the soft color mantling in her cheek and the bright light in her eyes! He had little thought they should meet again like this.

"If you wish it," she said patiently. "Vivian, it was not I that had the alarm rung, it was foolish. The steward—when—when they came back with the news—from Brida—rang it—I suppose he hardly knew why; but I would not have allowed it. Yet it brought you, and, though it must have filled you with fear for me, I am selfish now—I cannot be sorry."

"Hush, Vera! Not selfish. You would not pain me!"

She gave him one quick look of grateful love, and then said, in a clear steady voice—

"I cannot help feeling, Vivian, as if I had in some measure caused this. I know it is unjust to myself, but I cannot feel that truth yet. When I left you, and came in, I met my father. He asked carelessly, not with any suspicion—for I wander about as I like, as I always have done—where I had been. It seemed to me as well to tell him the truth. I knew you wished no concealment for your own sake, and certainly I wished none. So I told him the truth—it was in this very room, Vivian—very briefly; indeed he would not have cared to hear more if I had wished to utter it. I said that I had met you, and that you had explained your meeting with Maggie Tredegar. I did not mention your brother's name then; he would hardly hear me so far. He burst out into a torrent of anger against you. He knew now that you loved me, for why else seek to clear yourself in my eyes? He asked me if you had spoken to me of love, and I bowed my head. I could not trust myself to speak. I turned to leave the room then; but he suddenly became silent, and before I could reach the door he passed me, and went out, going to his study. It was then about half past nine. A little after ten I thought I heard some one go out, and when I inquired, they told me my father had gone into the park. That did not frighten me; for he would often go out like that—you know how strange and gloomy he always was. But just before eleven I was sent for. Maggie Tredegar was in the hall."

"Maggie Tredegar!" exclaimed Vivian involuntarily, for the first time interrupting her.

"Yes; she is here now. She was sent for to her father, who was ill, and she missed the train, and had to come by a later one. She came by the short road from the station that passes near Brida Cliffs, with a boy carrying her baggage. They were close by the great cliff." She paused again. How often of late she had loved to look from that awful height sheer down into the boiling sea beneath! "No," answering Vivian's anxious look, "I can go on. They were keeping well inland, because the wind was blowing so fiercely seaward, when she saw my father not twenty feet from the cliff-edge. He was walking rapidly up and down like one distraught, and Maggie so feared for him. He stopped short, recognising her. Oh, Vivian"—she hid her face in shame for the dead man—"he spoke cruel words to her! If even she had been guilty, how could he—how could he? Yet, despite that she would have warned him of his danger; but he seemed so wild and so angry with her that she was terrified lest he should try to fling her over the cliff. She came on here with all speed, but it took her more than half an hour. I sent out men to search at once, men who know the coast well. There was no hope; they all said that no one could live who fell from those cliffs, nor could the body ever be found. The men came back at midnight, and brought with them the felt hat that my father usually wore. One of them found it blown against the hedge by the roadside, thirty feet from the cliff. Oh, Heaven, is there no hope?"

"There is no grain of hope," he said sadly. "You cannot realise it yet, dear one, but you know it—you are strong, and can face it. There is no grain of hope. Heaven have mercy on him!"

"It seems like an awful dream," remarked the girl. "I cannot swoon as some can; but I must think, feel, picture; there is no rest, and no wish for it."

"I know it, Vera. Rest will come when the first shock has passed."

"When the first shock has passed," she repeated drearily. Then, clinging to him, she added entreatingly, "You will not leave me, Vivian—not yet?"

"No, my darling. How could I leave you in such trouble?"

Vera was silent for a few moments, leaning against him with closed eyes and labored breathing. Presently she spoke very low and brokenly—

"There was never perfect sympathy between my father and me, Vivian. Even when I was a little child this was so; and in the last eight or nine years he has changed very much. Something, I never knew what, seems to have overshadowed his life. He was never loving to me, but never stern or harsh, till he believed this tale about you. And, oh, that dreadful death, and he so little fit for sudden death!" She pressed her hand to her eyes again; then started abruptly. "Vivian, there are steps without; the search party has come back!"

Almost as she spoke there was a quick knock at the door; it was opened, and Aileen came in.

"Miss Vera, dear, they've come back; there's no news. Ah, Mr. Vivian! An' it's glad I am to see you! Heaven bless you, sir! They tould me you had come."

Vivian silently clasped the hand of the Irishwoman in his own, and she stooped and kissed that delicate hand. She had learned from Vera's own lips what Devereux of Rougemont was to her, and Aileen had been overjoyed.

"I will go down," said Vera firmly; and she descended with Vivian and Aileen to the hall, where the men were waiting—tenants on the estate, and two of them fishermen.

With quiet tearless dignity she spoke to them, thanking them so earnestly that they said afterwards they would have done ten times more for beautiful Miss Vera. She knew, she said, they had done their best, and she was grateful to them; she would not forget them; and she took down all their names herself, and then asked Aileen to see that they had refreshment before they went home again. While this was passing, Vivian stepped to where Maggie Tredegar had tried to hide herself, deep in the shadow of a great cabinet, covered with confusion as soon as she had caught sight of Chandos-Devereux.

"Maggie," he said, bending down, "don't be afraid of me, old playfellow. Is your father very ill?"

"Not dangerously, sir," murmured Maggie, not daring to look up; "and Miss Calderon is so good. She told me I must stop here to night, and she'd send me in the carriage to-morrow. It would be better than going home so late and rousing them up; it might excite father. It's true he's ill, Mr. Vivian," added the girl, the tears rising to her eyes, and her voice sinking lower. "I'm true to my word, sir, and bless you every day of my life. You will believe me, sir?"

"Yes, Maggie, I do trust you. Good night; Heaven keep you!"

She lifted her eyes then, and met his sweet bright smile with a brave clear look that gave him full assurance. He took her hand, and with a parting clasp turned away to Vera's side.

The servants, Miss Calderon said, were to go to their rooms again. There was nothing more to be done, and it was useless standing about. She was instantly obeyed; Vera Calderon never had to give an order twice." Maggie she drew aside and spoke to in her winning tender way, but very gravely now; there was nothing of the old sparkle. She must see Maggie on the morrow, before she left, she said, and then consigned her to Aileen for refreshment and rest.

Vera did not return to the drawing-room, but entered a room opening from the hall. Vivian laid a light touch on her shoulder.

"Can you not rest?" he said gently.

"Rest? No! Hark to the wind and the sea! I cannot rest. Sit here, Vivian, and let me sit at your feet."

He sat down in the low chair indicated, and Vera placed herself on a cushion at his feet, and leaned her head on his knee. Vivian, who had all a woman's tact and delicate sensibility, did not speak to her, but he held her hand in his, passed his soft fingers through her hair now and then, and that was enough. Her dark eyes never closed once; they looked out steadily before her, wide open, sleepless. Sometimes they were lifted to the noble face bending over her, with a long wistful look of unutterable love, of perfect rest, of full trust in his love; but all other rest was denied, and from this night forth—alas, for many a miserable day and night to come!—though sleep might visit the body, there was no rest for mind or heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HISTORY OF HATS.—The word "hat" is of Saxon derivation, being the name of a well-known piece of dress worn upon the head by both sexes, but principally by the men, as a covering from the hot sun of summer, the cold of winter, a defence from the blows of battle, or for fashion. Being the most conspicuous article of dress, and surmounting all the rest, it has often been ornamented with showy plumes and jewels, and with bands of gold, silver, &c! It is generally distinguished from a cap by its having a brim, which a cap has not, although there are exceptions even to this rule of distinction, for there are hats that have no brims, and there are also caps that are provided with a margin. Those hats that are made of fur or wool, have all been felted; and felt, strictly speaking, is a fabric manufactured by matting the fibres together, without the preliminary operation of either spinning or weaving.

We find but little of hat-making recorded in history; and anything relating to hats is extremely meagre, although their partial use may be traced back to the time of ancient Greece amongst the Dorian tribes, probably as early as the age of Homer. The Romans used a bonnet or cap at their sacrifices and festivals; but on a journey, the hat with the brim was adopted. In the middle ages, the bonnet or cap, with a front, was in use among the laity, while the ecclesiastics wore hoods, or cowls.

Pope Innocent, in the thirteenth century, allowed the cardinals the use of scarlet hats, and about the year 1440, the use of hats by persons on a journey appears to have been introduced into France, and soon after became common in that country, whence, probably, it spread to the other European States. When Charles VII. of France made his triumphant entry into Rome, in 1440, he wore a felted hat.

Frank Walworth, the youth who, in order to protect his mother's life, slew his father, is here at the old Walworth house, on Broadway, says a Saratoga correspondent. He has not a single feature or trait of character that would indicate that he is a parricide. His health is poor, but he is reading law. He is tall, fair and manly in his bearing, but he has an inexpressibly sad, preoccupied expression. He is, of course, isolated from society. On his exit from prison his former friends cut him, and his proud spirit felt it keenly. His mother has been very busy with her literary work on art and science. She has been very successful on her lecturing tour. She has the respect and sympathy of the entire community here, all of whom are acquainted with the terrible trials she had to endure at the hands of an erratic husband, and her struggles to care for her five children previous to and since his awful death. She is a beautiful woman, on the brink of fifty; but, despite her sorrows, she looks ten years younger.

THE TREASURES OF THE HEART.

BY M. B.

Cast not Affection's ties away,
When seeking wealth ye roam,
Lest absence dim the softening ray
Of Love's pure light at home!
Though Fortune golden treasure shower,
Can riches bliss impart;
Or Plenty purchase with its store
The treasures of the heart?

Home has a charm, howe'er obscure
That home may chance to be:
And though Ambition's voice allure,
The world may frown on thee!
Upon the altar of the hearth
Love's sweetest tears shall start,
And there repose, in grief or mirth,
The treasures of the heart!

Sister Margaret.

BY A. C. G.

IT was a tiny parlor, but its air of exquisite refinement would have graced a princely saloon and in its centre she had just lain, with closed eyes, sleeping the long last sleep, who had been its presiding angel.

The room was crowded with friends of the family, and it was with difficulty that I gained entrance by the back parlor door, and as I sat on one of the carriages following the silent sleeper to the beautiful burying ground, where they were to lay her away, found myself passing in review the life of her whom you will agree with me in calling a brave woman when you have heard her story.

Margaret Pearson came of a good old family, widely known, highly honored. She grew up in the lap of luxury, petted, beloved. Very early she gave up balls and parties. She was endowed with wonderful talent for music and her health was extremely delicate.

When Margaret was scarcely twenty-two she entered upon her fortune. It was a fortune of keen mortification, of bitter disappointment. Her father died suddenly, and when his affairs were investigated, financial ruin was found to be the portion of his family. Her mother had been dead for many years; action devolved upon Margaret.

She had just lived through one of great happiness in her betrothal to a man who seemed in every way worthy of her love. He might have been partially so had he been true to his better nature. He loved Margaret, but he loved Ralph Weldon and his interests more. He had hoped through the influence of Margaret's father to be very shortly in a position to marry; had hoped through her father's munificence to have a handsome start in life, had counted finally on her patrimony for the future.

The death of Mr. Pearson dashed all these hopes. Margaret's patrimony was a burden which Ralph was not inclined to share. He was not at home when the blow fell; had been for some time absent on business, and wrote:

"DEAR MARGARET:

"The dreadful news has completely unnerved me. Poor girl, what a weight has fallen on you! I wish I could come home to share it with you, but that is impossible. I, too, am in trouble. I was just about writing to you when your letter came. Now, I would not for worlds add to your sorrows. I will merely say that I am overwhelmed with business perplexities. When they are over I will come to you; until then, bear with me, and have patience.

"Yours, with all my love,

"RALPH."

A strange letter. So I thought when it was shown to me.

She never dreamed of his having written thus merely in view of retaining his hold on her in case of any error in the rumors that had reached him concerning the total loss of her father's property; and in the first days of her bereavement and perplexities hoped daily to hear further from him. She wrote him a loving letter, begging him to confide to her his troubles, that they might endure together. He did not reply—never wrote to her again. She wept tears of anguish, yet could not wholly believe him false until a year later, when she heard of his marriage with a beautiful and wealthy girl. The long agony of suspense had prepared her for whatever might occur. Was it better or worse for her that she need no longer watch for the letter which never came? She could not tell.

But Margaret had not folded her hands and lived only in her grief during that long year of waiting for her doom. Oh, no! she had been up and doing. She was the eldest of four children. The others ranged from twelve to eighteen years of age. Laura, the elder of these, undertook to keep the house and attend to the family. Margaret obtained music pupils, and thus earned sufficient to comfortably supply the requirements of their new home, and educate Hal and Frank, the two younger children.

Laura's housekeeping would not have been of the most comfortable nature had not Margaret found time amid all her manifold duties to lend a helping hand, and finally to pay for increased assistance.

But, oh, how wonderfully patient Margaret was! And after a time, when Laura's health began to fail, she showered upon her every attention, bringing into the house, too, a distant relative of whom Laura was fond, to wait on and give her companionship when Margaret herself was compelled to be away.

Laura never questioned about Margaret's health, and yet, although naturally stronger as well as more energetic, she was a greater sufferer than Laura. Many times she had sat for hours, giving lessons, perchance, to her least interesting pupils, when her poor body was racked with pain. Just before her death she once told me that for years she had never known what it was to be free from pain, not to be at least conscious of some one of her organs. All were weak, lungs and heart giving her especial trouble. She died of a distressing form of heart disease. Yet she was never known to complain.

She took great pride in the education of the boys, Hal and Frank. They loved her devotedly, too, and yet many times I thought them exacting and selfish in their demands on her. Certainly, they did not fully realize the manifold sacrifices she made for them, nor the varied hardships of her lot. Like Laura, they leaned on her, and, because suffering had made her so strong to endure, they all believed her incapable of as much feeling as the rest of them. Margaret was proud as well as sensitive, and they none of them knew how often they wounded her to the quick.

She had the great happiness of seeing them both turn out well; both became honest, trustworthy men, and especially Hal grew more and more in sympathy with her, as he grew older. When she died he was twenty-two, Frank twenty-four years of age; they had been for some time making their own way in the world, and wished that she should discontinue giving lessons. To this she would not consent. She let them contribute their share towards the housekeeping, and insisted upon their laying by all else they could spare from their salaries, that they might early establish homes of their own.

For herself, from the day when the boys ceased to be an expense to her, she began to put by money for Laura, that the latter might be independent in case of her sister's death.

The result of this careful forethought was that she actually succeeded in leaving to Laura a sufficient income to supply all the absolute necessaries of life; and was perfectly satisfied that the boys, whether married or single, would always add something every year to Laura's income.

No one but myself ever knew that Margaret had had several quite desirable offers of marriage; and she would never have told me had I not myself observed. In one instance especially I remonstrated with her for saying "no."

"I have never been able to love but one man," said Margaret, "and without love I cannot marry. Mr. Railton is, as you say, good; he has offered to take care of Laura for me" (the boys were then doing for themselves), "but, my friend, it is of no use. I cannot."

Oh, what a noble heart Ralph Weldon trampled upon! What a noble, brave heart he put away from his own. A very different man he would have been if true to her. Perhaps it was impossible for him to have been in any way worthy of her. Yet there must have been some good in his nature, certain possibilities which he himself crushed, else a woman like Margaret Pearson could never have loved him as she did. I often wonder if the thought of her does not fill him with pangs of remorse. I think it must.

Well, her sorrows are over, her fight is fought, the noblest of victories by her was won. I often think of the expression of perfect peace on the beautiful face I long gazed on before she was borne away forever from our sight. And every day, in those boys, I see the fruits of her brave efforts. They often come and talk to me about her, and I find that the older they grow the more fully they profit by the memory of her example and teachings. Especially Hal seems to be arriving at a full appreciation of her splendid character. As for Laura, she at least bears Margaret in grateful remembrance but she never did and never will appreciate her.

Fears of a grasshopper invasion in the Sierra Nevada Valley have caused old inhabitants to give their recollection of the devastation produced by them twenty years ago. They were remarkably intelligent in those days. When they found fallen trees across their line of march, they banked up against them to the depth of three feet, forming an incline plane, up which marched the advancing host. On the north side of dwellings the insects thus banked up died, and the inmates had to shovel them up and cart them away. In some places this year they have filled the creeks and fouled the water to such a degree that the cattle will not drink it.

There is not a breeze that blows but speaks of God, and there is not an inspiration for better life within the soul but is from heaven.

Aunt and Niece.

BY A. W.

"BESSIE, Bessie, you're a very foolish child," said her aunt Mary.

"But I can't help it," said Bessie Norton piteously.

"Help it! nonsense," said her aunt. Here I am over forty, and I'm not in love; no, nor likely to be."

"But, Aunt Mary," meekly pleaded the blue eyed little damsel, "only think of the difference between forty and seventeen!"

Mary Hepworth rubbed her nose vehemently.

"Upon my word, Bessie," said she, "I don't know what to do about this ridiculous business of yours. Dear, dear, I am sure I don't know what this world is coming to anyway."

"But I am seventeen," argued Bessie, "and I danced at the last Charity ball, and my dresses are all made with long trains. Besides, George says I am his guardian angel!"

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" cried Aunt Mary, "what do you want of a husband?"

"All girls have husbands," returned Bessie.

"Aren't you happy as you are?"

"Y—yes," confessed Bessie; "but I—I think I should be happier if I were married to George."

"And why, in the name of reason?" demanded Mary.

"Because he loves me!"

And the deep roses came into Bessie's cheek as she spoke.

"Loves you!" scornfully echoed Mary—"loves your money!"

"I have no money," said innocent Bessie; "so it can't be that."

Mary laughed a hard laugh.

"It has never yet occurred to her mind that she is my heiress, and that people call me 'the rich old maid,'" thought Mary to herself. "Poor little unconscious dove. And for her, of all people in the world, to become the prey of a fortune hunter! I won't have it; so there."

And she turned once more to Bessie.

"Bessie," said she coaxingly, "do oblige me, and give up this foolish notion of a husband."

"Oh, Aunt!" cried the girl, "really I couldn't."

"I'll give you the diamond cross that you fancied, last week."

"Oh, Aunt!"

"Or come—you shall have a summer at Saratoga."

"I don't want to go to Saratoga."

"Would you prefer going abroad?" urged the elder lady. "I don't like sea voyages, but anything would be preferable to wrecking your future."

"I—I think I prefer George, Aunt," faltered Bessie. "That is, if you won't be angry."

"You will rush headlong to your fate, then?" cried Mary.

"Yes, confessed Bessie, "I think that if you don't object, I will."

"Bessie," said Aunt Mary, "I never denied you anything yet, and I don't suppose I shall deny you this. Tell George Dickson to come and see me. And if he is really in earnest——"

"Oh, aunt, there never was anyone half so much in earnest as we two are," fervently interrupted Bessie, clasping her hands.

"Yes, yes, I daresay," said Mary. "Very well, as I was remarking, I'll take it into consideration."

And Bessie sat down and wrote a little pink note to her lover:

"DEAREST GEORGE:—Aunt Mary has relented, and you are to come and see her at once. Oh, joy, joy!

Yours Eternally,
BESSIE."

And she called the gardener's boy, and gave him twenty-five cents to post the letter immediately.

Mr. George Dickson, being like his fair *fiancee* very much in earnest, lost no time in responding to this rose scented summons.

"Frank," he said to his law partner, and particular friend, "you'll stand by a fellow, won't you?"

"To the death," said Frank Wright.

"Then come with me to face Bessie's old aunt," said Dickson, "for it all depends upon her—our future I mean. Bessie is such a dear, dutiful little kitten that she will never marry without her aunt's consent."

"That's the situation of affairs, eh?" said Mr. Wright. "And where does this arbitress of your destiny reside?"

"In the Bloomingdale road," said Mr. Dickson. "An old house, with a hedge of laurels around it, and a fountain in the middle of the lawn."

"Oh—h—h!" ejaculated Frank. "It's the rich Miss Basil, is it?"

"It's the rich Miss Basil," assented Dickson. "But you see, rich or poor, it makes no difference to me. It's her niece I want—not her money."

"Money is a convenience, for all that," thoughtfully remarked Wright. "Yes, I'll help you to face the music. At what hour am I to present myself?"

"At ten to morrow morning," said Dickson.

"Isn't that rather early?"

"The sooner I know my fate the better it will be for me," said Dickson. "Either I enter into the gates of paradise, or I drown myself."

"What a thing it is to be in love," said Wright, reflectively.

Mary was in the garden pruning roses the next morning when the two gentlemen arrived.

"Go away," said Mary, without turning her head, as she heard the creaking of the garden gate. "You are the boy that broke down my lovely blue iris yesterday. Go away, I say."

"I—I beg your pardon," said Mr. Dickson, in some dismay, "I am not the boy that broke it."

"Oh!" Mary turned around, and drew off a portentous pair of gloves which shielded her hands. "I see. You are the young man that wants Bessie."

"Yes," said Dickson, "I am the young man that wants Bessie, "and this is my friend, Mr. Wright."

Mary bowed stiffly to the stranger, and then turned abruptly to Dickson.

"I suppose you think you are going to marry money?" said she.

"I haven't thought about it in that light," said Mr. Dickson, reddening.

"Don't tell me," said Mary, "feeling in her pocket for an official looking letter with a big red seal. "Up to yesterday my niece Bessie was looked upon as an heiress."

"I assure you, ma'am——" broke in Dickson.

"Don't waste your breath in assuring me," said Mary. "It's time and trouble thrown away. Just hear me out, if you please. Yesterday I received this letter from my lawyer, announcing the failure of the Ithuriel Insurance Company. I have been foolish enough to invest in it. And whoever takes Bessie now must take her for herself alone."

"I desire nothing better," said Dickson, eagerly.

"Are you prepared for love in a cottage?" satirically demanded Miss Basil.

"My income is not large," said the young lawyer, modestly, "but it is quite sufficient to maintain a wife in comfort. I love Bessie, and there are not many hardships which love will not sweeten."

"That sounds well in books," said Miss Basil.

"You shall see that we will reduce it to practice," said Dickson, cheerfully. "And Miss Basil——"

"Well?"

"You have been a second mother to Bessie; she loves you dearly. Need I say how delighted we should both be if you would consent to make your home with us?"

Mary dropped her gloves into a bunch of blue larkspurs.

"Eh?" she said. "Do you mean that you would actually burden yourself with a poverty stricken old maid, like me?"

George held out both his hands to Miss Basil.

"Aunt Mary," said he. "I may call you so, may'n't I?—pray believe that it will be doing us both a favor to come and live with us. We cannot, perhaps, give you the luxuries to which you have been accustomed, but of one thing you may be certain—a welcome from the heart."

Mary stooped for her gardening gloves, and turned away.

"Young man," said she, "there is more in you than I thought. Take Bessie if you want her. Yonder she is, watching us from the oriel casement. Go to her. Tell her that the stony-hearted old aunt has relented at last. And—stop a minute," she added, as he was eagerly turning away; "I told you that I had property invested in the Ithuriel Company."

"Yes."

"It was only a thousand dollars. The rest is all safe, and will one day be yours and Bessie's. And you will not need to support the old maiden aunt out of your kindly charity, though I shall continue to give you plenty of my company. Now go to Bessie. As for you, Mr. Wright," to the astonished George, "you can help me with the weeds and watering pot, while those two young turtle-doves are billing and cooing inside."

And so ended Mr. Dickson's wooing, and little Bessie was the happiest of brides, in white silk and orange blossoms.

"But if it had been me," said Frank Wright, "I should have proposed to the old maiden aunt. To my mind she's the prettier woman of the two."

Mrs. De Young, mother of the editors and proprietors of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is a Jewish lady, and after her husband's death was a milliner in Cincinnati for some time, and her character was unblemished. Her sons think so much of her peace of mind and guard her so tenderly, that they have never allowed her to know that she has been slandered by the political enemies of her sons.

Every person should be bland, courteous and affable to all.

THE BABY SLEEPS.

BY ALICE I. MCALILLY.

A mother sitting sweetly sang
  Her ailing babe to rest,
Soft cradled in her loving arms,
  Soft pillowed on her breast;
Her heart was racked with anxious fear,
  Tears glistened in her eye—
Her trembling lips could scarcely frame
  The words of lullaby.

For fever through the infant's veins
  Was surging to and fro—
The tiny form was writhed in pain,
  Its moaning spoke of woe.
Sleep, sleep! my precious baby, sleep,
  And trust to mother's care—
Sleep, sleep! bright angels hover nigh,
  Called down by mother's prayer.

As thistle down upon the air,
  As bird upon the wing,
Her songs soar up above the earth,
  And comfort backward bring.
Strong, clear and sweet the voice rang out,
  The babe no longer weeps.
Sleep, sleep! the mother still doth sing—
  Ah! true, the baby sleeps.

O Heaven! unconscious she doth clasp
  The clay, whence life has fled,
Returning prayerful thanks for that
  Which is forever dead.
Ah! who can speak the fatal word
  Which shall that mother waken
From thanking God that He hath spared,
  The life which He hath taken?

O mother, pray for strength each hour
  To suffer and be brave,
For death has cast its shadowy mist
  'Twixt fireside and the grave.
Then look above the mould'ring clay,
  And read the promise given
To those who, faithful to the end,
  Have placed their hopes in Heaven.

The Diamond Cross.

BY S. C. L.

DOROTHY FANE was only sixteen years of age when she went as handy girl and child's nurse to Hapbury Hall.

Old Hosea Fane had kept the village school at Hapbury until that unlucky stroke of paralysis which deprived him at once of usefulness and income; and then it was that little Dorothy came to him, with troubled blue eyes, and a quiver in her voice.

"Father," said she, "I've heard of a way to earn some money."

The old man looked up in a surprised sort of way.

"Eh, my lass!" said he; "and what is it?"

"They want an under nurse for the new baby up at the Hall," said Dorothy, eagerly; "and Mrs. Popham thinks I might suit—and I've always been fond of little children, father."

The old man uttered a groan.

"A servant!" said he. "My Dolly a servant!"

"We're all God's servants, father," said Dorothy, humbly. "Please may I try?"

"Do as you like, in Heaven's name," said Hosea Fane.

And Dorothy made haste to put on her bonnet and speed up to Hapbury Hall.

Mrs. Popham, the kind-hearted old housekeeper, received Fane's little daughter with cheerful words of encouragement.

"Suit!" said she; "of course you'll suit—a nice, tidy, well-looking young thing like you. My lady always likes to see pretty faces around her: and if you'll take pains to please Mrs. Milfail, the nurse—as is a grand lady, and a little inclined to be crotchety—there can't be no doubt as to your getting the situation."

Mrs. Milfail—who was, indeed, according to meek Dorothy's way of thinking, a "grand lady" in her rustling black silk, ruffled white apron, and lace bordered cap—graciously chose to say that Dorothy Fane "seemed a nice sort of young person enough."

Mrs. Hapbury herself, into whose presence our trembling little heroine was introduced, smiled sweetly upon her, and told her she had a good face, and she, Mrs. Hapbury, was quite sure that she would be honest and faithful, so she was duly installed in the vacant situation.

"Well, Dolly," said old Hosea, the first twilight that she came running across the fields to see her father, and bringing a mould of jelly with Mrs. Popham's regards, for there had been a dinner party at the Hall the evening before, and dainties of that nature were plentiful, "and how do you like it?"

"Oh, father, the baby is a little angel!" cried Dorothy, enthusiastically; "and Mrs. Milfail is very kind—and Mrs. Popham, too, only——"

"There is always an 'only,'" said Hosea, with the shrug of a philosopher.

"Yes, father," said Dorothy, hanging down her head. "It's the Parisian lady's maid, Ma'amselle Jeannette. She says I'm a little greenhorn; and she laughs at the shape my frocks are cut, and mimics the way I pronounce my words. And I daresay it's very foolish of me to allow myself to be mortified by her ridicule——"

"Not at all," said Hosea. "It's only natural."

"But I think, father," went on the girl, coloring like a clove-pink, "she has been worse since Mr. Llewellyn, the new coachman, took notice of me, and took me out to ride behind the ponies when he's exercising 'em."

"Ah!" said Hosea; "the green-eyed monster, eh?"

"Oh, he's not green-eyed at all, father," said innocent Dorothy. "He has the loveliest brown eyes, with long black lashes, and when he has the new livery on——"

"Yes, yes," nodded Hosea; "I understand; I was only speaking figuratively, child. So he takes notice of you, does he?"

"It's when Mrs. Milfail has the baby in the drawing room, after dinner," said Dorothy; "and Mrs. Popham says I'm welcome to a breath of fresh air; and if he comes to walk up and down the hazelnut path with me, it's no harm, I'm sure."

"No, child, certainly not," said Hosea, chuckling within himself at Dorothy's artless recital.

"And when Ma'amselle Jeannette laughed at me, and said my cheeks were like peonies," added Dorothy, "he up and says—

"'Peonies are better than French paint, anytime.'

"And since then, father," said Dorothy, with quivering lip, "she has scarcely spoken to me—nor to Mr. Llewellyn neither—though I do what I can to be civil and polite."

"Wait, Dolly, wait," said the old man. "Things are pretty sure to come around straight in this world, if only we have patience."

But when Dorothy returned to the Hall Ma'amselle Jeannette was in the stable-yard, flirting with Mr. Llewelyn, the handsome new coachman, who was industriously polishing the gilded hubs of the carriage wheels with whiting and a chamois leather.

She tossed her shining black curls at the sight of daisy-faced Dorothy, and laughed affectedly.

"Too late—too late!" she cried. "If it had been you on the terrace when the carriage brought my lady home from the garden concert, you might have had the ride round to the stable yard like a countess, with Mr. Llewellyn on the box and two footmen behind. But I mustn't stay; my lady will want me directly to do her hair for the evening. You'll not forget your promise, Mr. Llewellyn, to take a bit of supper in the housekeeper's room with us tonight?"

"No," said the coachman, without glancing up from his avocation; "I'll not forget."

"Shall you be there, Dorothy?" he asked, as Mademoiselle Jeannette's ruffled flounces trailed away over the grass.

Dorothy's eyes fell.

"They haven't asked me," said she, in a low voice.

"Then they'll have none of my company," said the new coachman, decidedly. "To my mind, Dolly Fane, you're worth a dozen of that chattering French parrot."

But Dorothy could not help experiencing a natural pang of envy the next night, when she saw Ma'amselle Jeannette dressed out for a public ball in the neighboring town, whither she was to be escorted by Mr. Waring, the master's own man.

For Mr. and Mrs. Hapbury were dining out, and the elegant *soubrette* was off duty until midnight, at least.

She wore pink silk—a little soiled to be sure—and one of Mrs. Hapbury's cast off wreaths and elegant cleaned gloves, and around her neck glistened a slender gold chain from which hung a dead gold cross with a huge sparkling stone like a drop of dew in the centre.

"Oh!" cried Dorothy, involuntarily, "that cross is exactly like the one the mistress wore, when——"

"Hold your tongue!" cried out ma'amselle, imperiously. "Like hers, indeed! As if I could aspire to wear diamond crosses. Yes, yes, tell Mr. Waring I'm quite ready now."

And Dorothy Fane thought no more about it until the next afternoon, when, chancing to enter a secluded little summer-house at the foot of the vegetable garden, she came unexpectedly upon David Llewellyn himself, with his head bowed upon his hands and his face deathly pale.

"Mr. Llewellyn," she cried, "what is the matter?"

"Matter enough!" he responded, without looking up. "I'm discharged."

"Discharged! Oh, Mr. Llewellyn—and what for?"

"For stealing!"

He pronounced the word with a bitter laugh.

"Ay, Dorothy Fane, for stealing a diamond cross which the mistress says she must have dropped in the carriage two nights ago; and as I was the only one who has had anything to do with dusting the cushions, and that sort of thing, she sends for me.

"'Llewellyn,' says she, 'where is my diamond cross?'

"'Madam,' says I, 'I've seen no diamond cross.'

"And she looks at me as if those handsome eyes of hers were arrows, to shoot me through and through.

"'My man,' says she, 'Mr. Hapbury and I tolerate no dishonest people about the Hall. You may come for your wages to-night,' says she. 'I'm sorry, but there seems to be no help for it. I dropped it in the carriage, I am quite sure, and you are the only one who is responsible!'

"And so I'm discharged without a character, and——"

"But stop, stop!" cried Dorothy, pressing her hand over her forehead. "Let me think. There was ma'amselle—don't you remember ma'amselle riding round to the stable-yard in the carriage that night?"

He smiled bitterly.

"Yes, I remember it," said he; "but I don't suppose ma'amselle is a thief."

"She wore that cross to the ball last night!" cried Dorothy, with a choking sensation in her throat. "I saw it, with these eyes, around her neck."

Llewellyn started up.

"Are you sure!" said he.

"As sure as that I am standing here," said the girl.

They went at once to Mrs. Popham, and Mrs. Popham went to Mr. Hapbury, and Ma'amselle Jeannette was startled at her supper of chocolate and broiled birds by an unexpected demand for her keys.

"My keys!" screeched ma'amselle. "And what for want you my keys!"

"To search your boxes for Mrs. Hapbury's diamond cross," said the steward, sternly; "so give 'em up at once. There's no use in making a fuss about it."

And, sure enough, the cross was found folded between a pair of primrose-colored kid gloves at the very bottom of Ma'amselle Jeannette's box.

"I only took it for a joke!" screamed out Ma'amselle Jeannette, shrilly, "to tease Mr. Llewellyn, because he preferred that empty-headed little nursemaid to me: I—I was going to give it back to-morrow."

"And a bad job it's likely to prove for you, ma'amselle," said Mrs. Popham, "as you'll find when you are in gaol."

A further search revealed several other stolen articles, some of no mean value, and Mrs. Hapbury turned pale to think what a serpent she had been harboring in the very heart of her household.

Ma'amselle Jeannette went to prison, there to expiate her crimes at leisure, and honest David Llewellyn was reinstated in his position as coachman at Hapbury Hall, and little Dorothy found herself all at once in the embarrassing situation of a heroine.

"And we're to be married in the spring, father," said Dorothy, hiding her burning face on old Hosea's shoulder; "and Mrs. Hapbury is to give me a white wedding-dress; and Mr. Hapbury says we shall have the little cottage at the gate, free of rent; and there's the sweetest little room for you, with its windows all overgrown with ivy and woodbine—and, oh, father, I am so happy!"

"Not a whit happier than you deserve," said Hosea Fane, stoutly, although his own old eyes were dim with a moisture which was not that of grief.

HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD.—There are two remarkable ceremonies performed by the Kings of Travancore, in India. At the first, which signifies "the gift of the weighing of a man," the reigning Prince weighs his august person against ingots and coins of refined gold, and afterwards distributes the said gold to pious and learned Brahmans. The ceremony lasts more than a week. The Maharaja shaves and bathes, is annointed with water of a reddish hue, goes through many tedious rites, and finally, after presenting the Pagoda with a bull elephant, takes the sword and shield of state and gets into one scale, while the opposite scale is filled with gold coins and ingots until it fairly lifts the royal person into the air. The whole expenditure on such occasions, including the gold, the traveling expenses of the chiefs, the feasting of Brahmans and the erection of temporary sheds, has amounted to about $80,000. The second, called the "Womb of Gold," is more simple. A huge vessel, in form like the lotus, is made of pure gold, ten feet in height and eight feet in circumference. This is half filled with water, ghee and milk; and the King, descending into it from the top by means of a "beautiful ladder expressly made" for the occasion, takes a dip, performs his devotions in this purifying mixture, and has hymns chanted over him. This ceremony lasts about ten minutes instead of eight days, but it may cost about $60,000.

WHEN TO LET GO.—If we only knew just when to let go, how much easier our work would be! How many sermons are spoiled, how many social calls are ruined, how much personal influence is wasted, because we hold on just a little too long, and so permit blessings to generate into bores. On the other hand, it appals one to think of the opportunities he has abandoned, and the toil he has thrown aside, just because he did not wait one minute longer and so get the benefit that was all ready to drop into his hands. When time for letting go has come, do not permit a thousand attractions to retain your hold an instant. But if it is your duty to keep on doing just what you are doing, turn not aside though the whole world call you away. Try to find the exact point that lies between too much and too little. M. S.

As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely.

Scientific and Useful.

FACTS.—The strongest side of timber is always found to be that which in its natural growth faced the north. Rope of four strands up to eight inches are fully sixteen per cent. stronger than those having but three strands. Tarred ropes, hawsers, and the like have twenty-five per cent less strength than white ropes. This is in consequence of the injury the fibres receive from the high temperature of the tar 220°.

NATURAL FLOWERS.—To preserve natural flowers the fresh leaves are spread and pressed into a suitable dish with alternate layers of fine, thoroughly dry sand, as hot as the hand can bear. When the sand has cooled they may be removed, smoothed, and dipped for a few moments in clear French spirit varnish, and allowed to dry in the air. By many melted white wax is preferred to the varnish. This latter must not be too hot. The dried leaves are dipped in the melted wax, drawn several times over the edge of the vessel to remove excess, and hung up until the film of wax is thoroughly cooled and hardened.

FREEZING MIXTURES.—Sugar, spirits and potash have heretofore been the chief products manufactured from beets. But chemists now succeed in realizing from the refuse that remains after the beet molasses distillation a combustible gaseous body, which is easily condensed into liquid form, and is called chloride of methyl. This liquid, obtained, as stated, from beets, is used in the preparation of some of the analine colors; but it is now found to be especially valuable as a refrigerating agent. By its rapid evaporation a temperature of 55° R., or 67° F., below zero, may be maintained, which is far below the freezing point of mercury. Prof. Huxley says that by this means mercury (which freezes at 39° F., below zero) may be frozen by the pound.

CUTTING GLASS WITH SCISSORS.—Many persons may not be aware that glass can be cut under water, with great ease, to almost any shape, by simply using a pair of shears or strong scissors. In order to insure success two points must be attended to—first and most important, the glass must be got quite level in the water while the scissors are applied; and, secondly, to avoid risk, it is better to begin the cutting by taking off small pieces at the corners and along the edges, and so reduce the shape gradually to that required, as if any attempt is made to cut the glass all at once to the shape as we would cut a piece of cardboard, it will most likely break where it is not wanted. The scissors need not be at all sharp, as their action does not appear to depend on the state of the edge presented to the glass.

BRONZING.—A new process for the "bronzing" of iron and porcelain, and which can be indefinitely applied in decorative art, has been perfected by a German chemist. It is a concentrated solution of soluble glass, prepared with potash, or a silicate of potash. The article to be decorated is first coated with a thin film or layer of the solution of soluble glass, and the bronze or other powder is applied through a sieve or other means, the articles are then dried by exposure to the atmosphere or artificial heat, after which the excess of powder is removed by a brush. The bronze or other powder so applied will resist the effects of heat and of washing with alcohol, or of polishing by steel or agate burnishers. The invention is particularly beneficial for decorating iron and porcelain stoves, inasmuch as the powder will not be affected by heat. The gilding on the frames of pictures and looking-glasses when worn can also be restored by this process.

Farm and Garden.

LIMA BEANS.—The success is chronicled the past year of an experiment which is not new—cultivating Lima beans without poles, by simply pinching off the ends as soon as they showed a disposition to vine. This caused the plants to assume the form of a thick set bush, and they were "nearly as productive as when allowed to climb as nature designed."

AGE OF EGGS.—To determine the exact age of eggs, dissolve about four ounces of common salt in a quart of pure water, and then immerse the egg. If it be only a day or so old, it will sink to the bottom of the vessel, but if three days old it will float in the liquid; if more than five, it comes to the surface and rises above in proportion to its increased age.

FOOD FOR HOGS.—Three or four bushels of corn meal, with a quart of salt, in a hogshead of water, stirred occasionally for three or four days until it ferments, is much better and far cheaper than feeding either meal or corn to growing pigs. You can add bran, middlings or slop to it; and, when half used, fill up with water, and so repeat, adding meal when needed, and a little salt.

LOCATION OF ORCHARDS.—A Maine farmer says: Were I to plant an orchard and had two locations, one in a valley surrounded by hills except on the south side, and the other a high elevation exposed to high winds, I would choose the latter in preference to the former. The great object is to keep back the blooming as long as possible, and this can be done best in northern exposures without shelter.

TEMPERATURE AND SOIL.—The following relations exist between temperature and the compactness of soils: In summer, compact soil is on the average warmer than loose soil, but in winter, and on a fall of temperature, it is colder. In warm weather, compact soils are warmer by day and colder by night than loose soils, and are subject to greater fluctuations of temperature. The practical inference is plain.

NEW WAY OF PROPAGATING HYACINTHS.—The gardener of the University of Berlin has found that hyacinths may be propagated by their leaves, thus revealing a new way to raise a large number of rare varieties. The leaves require to be cut off as close to the bulb as possible, put in a saucer and covered with a thin layer of sandy leaf mould. The saucer having been placed in a greenhouse close to the inner surface of the glass, in eight or nine weeks will develop buds.

HEALTH OF HORSES.—The health and comfort of horses have of late years been greatly improved by the better construction of stables. They are made more roomy and lofty, and provided with means of thorough ventilation. In many new stables lofts are kept well above the horses' heads and ample shafts are introduced to convey away foul air. By perforated bricks and gratings under the mangers and elsewhere round the walls, and also by windows and ventilators, abundance of pure air is secured for the horses; while, being introduced in moderate amount and from various directions, it comes in without draught. Too much draught is almost an unknown stable luxury.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FIFTY-NINTH YEAR.

TERMS:

$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

CLUB RATES.

One copy, one year	$2.00
Two copies, one year	3.50
Four copies, one year	6.00
Ten copies, one year, and an extra copy to getter-up of club	15.00
Fifteen copies, one year, and one to getter-up of club	20.00

Our readers everywhere can aid us by showing THE POST to their friends and asking them to join a club. By doing so you will confer a favor on us and save money for them.

Money for clubs should be sent all at one time. Additions may be made at any time at same rate. It is not necessary that all the subscribers in a club should go to the same Post-office.

Remit always by Post-office money order, draft on Philadelphia or New York, or send money in a registered letter.

☞ To secure the premium oleographs—"The White Mountains" and "The Yellowstone," add Fifty Cents for them, unmounted; or, One Dollar, mounted on canvas and stretcher, to each subscription, whether singly or in clubs.

We send paper and premiums postpaid, in every case.

Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 Sansom st., Phila.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 27, 1879.

MEMORY AND THE PAST.

WE bury our youth, our health, and our strength; and we only come to grief when we try to resuscitate the dead, and forget the chain of years that has been forged between them and now. The long walk, the night's dance, the cold bath, the half-hour's swim, the imprudent food, and the reckless exposure to the sun and rain, the wind and the snow—all these are among the buried dead of our possibilities; and we must accept them as memories only, and never again to be living facts. And why not bury the remembrances of past pains, of past enmities, of the quarrel that has been verbally made up, the offence once offered and since atoned for? Some people never bury these things. They say that they forgive, but they keep their dead displeasure, as the dwarfs kept Rosered's pretty body; with a glass window in the coffin, by which they could look in and watch her whenever they chose. No; there is no good in that. Coffins with glass windows in them are a great mistake. Let us bury the dead things of life deep in good, honest soil—plant flowers on them, so that the place where they lie shall not be barren or disfigured; make of each mistake, each sad experience, a means of future good, and truth, and beauty; and go on—always go on, till we come to an end, when we ourselves shall be among the dead and buried, some of us remaining as beautiful remembrances, ever enshrined in honor and delight; some of us standing alone in the backward vista, as but sorrowful mistakes, like the blind creatures who have missed their way; or children of sorrow, brought up under the hard tutelage of pain, and never suffered to escape the hand of that stern teacher—that cruel monitor.

MORAL truth, distinguished from scientific truth—as physical truth has been called—is that truth which concerns the right dispositions and the right conduct of men. Self culture and self control are the results of moral truth. The function of moral truth is to make a man larger and richer and better managed. And the value of all moral truth consists in its power to develop, to enlarge, to strengthen, to regulate, to discipline and to control. It is more important than any other truth. The value of science is in the power which it exerts upon the individual. The value of moral truth, which is rapidly becoming scientific, also consists in the power which it exerts upon the individual and upon life in general. In the long run all science must be valued by what it does in making men; and all moral truth must be valued by what it does upon men immediately and directly.

ARE you puffed up on account of your wealth, and proud of your ancestors? Do you boast of your handsome person, and your distinguished honors? Remember that you are mortal, that you are earth, and shall return to earth. Look to those who were possessed of like splendid endowments before. Where are those who were invested with political power—where are the fearless orators? Where are those who were the great generals and kings?—all a myth. Are not their memorial relics comprised in a few bones? Look into the sepulchres and see if you can tell which is the master, which the slave, which the poor, which the rich. Distinguish, if you can, the captive from the king, the strong from the weak, the beautiful from the deformed. Remember which you are, and you will never be uplifted, and you will not forget what you are if you consider yourself.

INSINUATORS of evil are among the vilest of the vile ones of the earth. They do more harm than any number of bold accusers, and are not to be chastised because they cannot be caught. An insinuation has no tangible basis for a struggle, just as no one can catch and pinion Proteus.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE statistics of the Registrar-General show a singular constancy in the proportion of suicides in England. The annual proportion was equal to sixty-seven per 1,000,000 living in each of the quinquennials ending 1864, 1869, and 1874; the extreme range in single years was from sixty-two to seventy-three per 1,000,000 during the sixteen years 1862–1877. Although this general average is maintained throughout the country, there are both local and periodical variations.

—

A WELL-KNOWN clergyman relates that, lately talking to some youngsters in regard to the vacation, and diverging into the necessity of kindness to animals, he incidentally remarked: "Boys are often cruel to frogs and toads. I remember when a boy of wickedly filling up a toad with firecrackers and then lighting them." He was horrified to see this remark received with liveliest emotions of interest and delight, and utterly prostrated as he passed out at hearing one urchin say to another, "Jings; that's a new note. Won't we have fun blowing up the bull paddies down in the medder!"

—

LORD BEACONSFIELD is described as remarkably careful in his dress, although he no longer appears in embroidered waistcoats, festoons of gold chains, silk lined coats and light trousers. He goes now to the House of Commons mornings quietly dressed in a frock coat, a black necktie, and a pair of bronze-colored trousers. But when he takes his walks abroad he dons a wonderful light overcoat, with trousers a shade darker, a blue necktie, and, when the east wind blows, a white silk handkerchief loosely tied round the throat. In strange contrast to the white silk are the sunken, wrinkled cheeks and the dead, unmoved expression. His face shows his age; but, from a back view, that cunningly-cut overcoat would seem to surround a man of forty.

—

THE Cental System is expected to go into operation so quietly that it is likely an important revolution in trade will be completely effected without derangement of interest of any kind. At a meeting of the New York grain trade a proposition to make buyers pay delivery expenses, was rejected. A resolution was adopted requesting the Board of Managers to postpone the date of placing the cental system in operation from October 1 to January 1, 1880, so as to avoid confusion. The railroads have already begun to carry grain on the basis of one hundred pounds, but on the lakes and canals the bushel is the standard, and it is so late in the season that any change involving the printing of a new lot of bills of lading, etc., would not be worth while. The petroleum trade has sent in a similar petition.

—

THERE is a species of scorpion found in the river bottoms of western Texas. Immediately after the birth of her young, the female places them in a basket-shaped receptacle on her back, where they at once attach themselves and begin sucking her blood. Of course, the mother soon succumbs to this unfilial treatment, and begins to droop. The young ones are by this time sufficiently nourished to demand more substantial food, and they kill their mother and devour her. Should one of the young ones become detached from the living nest, it is at once killed and feasted upon by the mother. Thus it seems that while the female willingly sacrifices her life to her offspring, yet she does not hesitate to kill them should they be so devoid of instinct as to refuse to remain where she places them after birth. While this is going on the male parent stands around, evidently "bossing the job."

—

How essential it is that the singer aim to put the character of the sentiment in the tone of his voice. This is even done in ordinary speech; how much more essential is it that it should be so done when the emotion is musically expressed! If a man speaking his love tries to win the object of his affections by the gentleness of his utterance and the sympathy of his tones, is it not in accordance with the general principles of natural art that he should aim to put a loving tone into his voice when he sings the same sentiment? It is no answer that in the former case he is speaking his real sentiments, while in the latter he is not uttering those sentiments which have a real existence within him. These are feelings and sentiments which are at times allied to strains of melody; and as the composer in his musical inflexions and combinations of sound tries to express the emotion so should the singer by the character or color of his tones try to convey the verbal sentiment.

—

BOW-LEGS and knock-knees are among the commonest deformities of humanity, and Dr. Compton of Manchester, Eng., attributes the first-mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in, of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will go to sleep with the soles together. They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are naked; they don't attempt to make it when they are socked or slippered. So the remedy is obvious; keep the baby's soles covered. Knock-knees the doctor ascribes to a different childish habit—that of sleeping on the side, with one knee tucked under the hollow behind the other. He has found that where one leg has been bowed inward more than the other, the patient has always slept on one side, and the uppermost member has been the most deformed. Here the preventive is to pad the inside of the knees, so as to keep them apart, and let the limbs grow freely their own way. All of which is commended to mothers who desire the physical uprightness of their progeny.

—

THE silly novels which are written about a career in Oxford College, Eng., almost invariably represent the student as a noisy, idle, drunken youth, whose chief wit lies in practical jokes, who browbeats his tutors, dodges the university authorities, cheats the tradesmen, and has all his vulgarities condoned by the obsequiousness of the college "dons," who are ready to make any allowance for a young man of spirit, who has a liberal allowance, and is the son of a country gentleman residing in Blank Moorehouse. This absurd exaggeration had some basis of truth in it thirty years ago, but has long ceased to be even probable. The first protest against the mean adulation of rank and wealth was made forty years ago by Merton College, which refused to admit what were called "tufts," that is, noblemen privileged by reason of wearing a peculiar kind of cap and gown, and gentlemen commoners. The rule was imitated subsequently by all the colleges, and for the last twenty years or so, the only persons who have been admitted in this costume were the Prince of Wales, Prince Hassan, and Prince Leopold.

—

COLLIERY mules sometimes live many years without seeing daylight, as they are only taken out of the mines when work is entirely suspended. The mules are used in hauling cars of coal from the various parts of the mine to the foot or the slope of the shaft from where it is hoisted to the surface by steam. The mules go to work with the miners and continue till evening. They are stabled in the mine and carefully attended to. Strange to say, the coats of mules working in colleries are singularly smooth and glossy, and miners attribute it to the coal dust that settles on the hair and polishes it. The lead mule in a team always carries a miner's lamp attached to his collar, but miners say the lamp is unnecessary, as the mules never get off the track in the dark. In some places where it is not convenient to haul the cars, mules are trained to push them, and it is not uncommon to see a dozen of the animals working in that way. In pushing cars the mule is provided with a heavy breast pad instead of the ordinary harness. The ample time the mules have for reflection does not, however, seem to improve their dispositions, as every mining report contains accounts of men and boys who have been kicked to death or severely injured them. Owing to the constant teasing of driver boys, mules occasionally become so savage that they cannot be approached at all.

—

AT the London Exhibition of 1872 Mr. Bembrose, of Derby, exhibited some red canary birds. The birds received no prizes, however, as the jury had doubts as to the origin of their color, and believed them to be dyed. The following year at the exhibition held at Whitby, the red canaries were recognized as a new variety, and they became all the rage. In numerous controversies Mr. Bembrose had given his word of honor that the color of his birds was not due to any fraudulent processes, but had been really obtained through a special mode of feeding. But as a friend to whom he had communicated his secret abused his confidence and sold it, the author has believed it his duty to make known to the public the process which he used to obtain his results. It appears, according to him, that the birds are fed upon hard boiled eggs crushed up with the crumbs of common white bread and dusted over with cayenne pepper. Dr. Dusch, a Belgian amateur, adds the following: Purchase from the druggist some of the very best quality of cayenne pepper, ground very finely; for each meal mix some of it with stale bread macerated in well water, and press it together so that it will not crumble, but not form a paste. Instead of bread the white of an egg may be used if preferred. This kind of food should be given to the bird only before and after moulting. It is well to add that it will be a waste of time to experiment on any other canaries than those of the Norwich breed, or on birds that are not of a very dark yellow strain. This statement is made on the authority of *Le Monde*.

—

THE following letter from a Chinaman in regard to the cure of cholera, is published by the Hiogo *News*. Our Hioga contemporary, in publishing it, says: "As evidence of its genuine nature, we may state that it was originally handed in as an advertisement, the physician whose skill in the cure of cholera it makes known, having (we are assured by one of the most respectable Chinese residents of Kobe) made a fortune out of his practice during the brief period in which the cholera has been raging, and being therefore in a position to pay for the fame which he no doubt considers to be his due, outside of the narrow sphere in which he has been laboring. The letter itself is written in a fine, bold, clerkly hand, and we are informed is the unassisted production of a Chinese. We give it verbatim, and shall be happy to show it to the curious:"

OSAKA, July 16, 1879.

SIR—With your permission I would beg to direct, through the medium of your valuable journal, the attention of the public to a subject which is most important and interesting to the medical world. In the general opinion of the European, as well as the Japanese, cholera is an infectious disease—a plague against which there is no certain remedy; whereas, according to the opinion of a Chinese doctor, who has been curing hundreds of Japanese in Osaka, it is not at all infectious; as soon as the black blood or the poisonous matter is let out from the joints in the limbs and the middle fingers, the disease can be cured immediately. This may seem an absurdity to the European, but it is, nevertheless, a fact; since hundreds of the natives have been cured by the operation. If the medical men of the West would care to see how this disease is treated by the Chinese doctor referred to, and analyze the blood of their patients at the various stages of the disease, as a Yokohama resident, in his letter to the *Japan Daily Herald* suggested, they will, with their superior medical knowledge and skill, discover an important antidote for the disease. I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

A NATIVE OF THE FLOWERY LAND.

SUNRISE.

BY P. R. BACON.

Over the gloomy black, and the night,
Falls a mantle of cold gray light;
Upon its edge, low down is lain,
A scarlet, and purple, and orange stain;
Just at the foot of these so bright,
Is one finer fold of palest light;
Purple mists from the green and gray,
Quivering float into dim midway.

Flecked is the green with diamond stars,
Arched is the gray with rainbow bars;
Fled is the scarlet, paled the gold,
Rent in twain is the yellow fold,
And in the breach a disc appears,
Higher, and higher each moment rears;
Now sweeping clouds and bands away,
Lo! he cometh, the King of Day!

The Ragpicker.

BY E. E.

ON a cheerless winter night, in the year 18—a poor chimney sweeper's boy, some fourteen years of age, was wending his way homeward through the miry streets of Paris. The rain descended in floods, dashed by a strong, fitful wind against the window-panes, sheeting from the copings of doorways, and pouring in torrents from the spouts. It was quite late; the shutters were closed on the brilliant contents of the shops, the lanterns of the stores were extinguished—even the gas seemed to burn dimly in the street-lamps. The guards kept their posts religiously, wrapped in their thick great-coats with the hoods drawn over their caps, and shielding their arms from the wet. People returning from the theatres hurried along under their dripping umbrellas, while carriages and cabs dashed homeward at the full speed of their miserable hacks.

Had anyone of the belated pedestrians, wrapped in comfortable garments, his feet protected in water proof boots, noticed the poor, thinly clad little chimney sweeper, he would have pitied him from the bottom of his heart, perhaps dropped a tear at his misery, and a few sous into his grimy hand. Yet Pierre Lafont was happy; for he was young. How bountifully has Providence endowed youth with inexhaustible cheerfulness, hopefulness and gayety. Nine tenths of the bare footed children we see playing in the streets, provided they are not actually suffering from want of food, are happier than the children of the rich, reared in luxury, pampered on dainties, and often stretched upon a bed of sickness by the very kindness of their parents.

Pierre Lafont had worked hard all day. He had climbed many a chimney, and from its airy summit his gay carol had rung forth on the purer air of those higher regions, like the song of a free bird that has just perched upon a tree top. Christmas and New Year had passed, Carnival was coming, and the shop-windows were as brilliant as eastern bazaars, and so little Pierre, after his day's work, instead of hastening to his home (which, indeed, as we shall see anon, was not so very attractive,) had treated himself to a ramble about the city. He had read the play-bills, for Pierre was highly educated and could read capitals, and had puzzled his brains in trying to decide which of the minor theatres he should patronise for one night during the holidays. He had gazed intently into the pastry cooks' and confectioners' windows, and admired the sugar temples, and figurantes, and wondered how they tasted. He had lingered long at the print-shop windows—had spelled his way through a page or two of a book of fairy tales that lay open on a stall, and thought how he should like to buy the volume if he were only rich enough. But he turned away with a half sigh, for he couldn't afford it. He was saving up his hard earnings to take home to Auvergne; for Pierre, like most of the chimney sweeps, was a country boy, and they sought Paris after harvest time, to pick up a few francs by the hardest kind of work; and now, as the busy panorama of Paris faded from his eyes, in the storm, his mind reverted to his rural home, and he reckoned up the days which would yet elapse before the mild spring weather would open, and the buds would swell, and the birds would return to the hedgerows, and he too, would turn his back upon the great capital. As he thus plodded along in a reverie, heedless of the pools of water he had to traverse, and the splashes of mud thrown on him from passing wheels, he stumbled over some object, and came near falling. Recovering himself actively, he stooped to see what obstacle he had encountered, and whether it was worth picking up and consigning to his bag. Pierre eked out his professional earning by trespassing on the province of the *chiffonier*, and everything was fish that came to his net.

The article was a canvas bag, tied up at the mouth and secured by a large red seal, and was very weighty though not of large compass. As the chimney sweeper raised it he heard the clink of metal, and a touch assured him that it was full of coin. Being an intelligent lad, he knew from the weight that it must be gold. One more familiar with money matters would have guessed the value to be about a thousand dollars, but Pierre was unable to push his calculations so far. To him it was a big heap of gold—a fortune—great enough perhaps to buy half Paris—he had never dreamed of so much money being collected together in one mass. He glanced around and with the single exclamation, 'Finding is havings!" thrust the bag into his bosom, and moved on, but more rapidly than before.

He was not unobserved, however. The incident had occured just under a street-lamp that was burning with unwonted brightness, and an old wooden-legged soldier who had paused to take breath and shelter for a moment under an archway, witnessed the action and also noted the face of the boy from which the drenching rain had thoroughly washed the soot, save where two or three dark lines trickled down from the saturated cap. The old man hobbled into the street and called out to the young chimney-sweeper:

"Halt there!"

But his voice was drowned by the roaring wind and the rattle of a passing carriage.

He repeated the command with no better success, and then attempted to follow the young treasure-finder. But a pair of natural legs of fourteen are more than a match for a clumsy wooden one coupled with a rheumatic limb of eighty.

"Peste!" muttered the old soldier to himself. "What are you thinking of, Hannibal Porion? Ass that you are! you forget the round shot of Marengo that spoiled the handsomest pair of legs in the *chasseurs a pied*, and made a limping cripple of the Cupid of the 45th Lights. The young rascal! There's the end of a good round sum, I'll warrant me. I might have found that money—and if the owner had been a rich man, have earned my forty francs just by stooping. If a poor man, I should have given it back and refused a sou. I should know that young vagabond among a thousand. A handsome dog—but gallows written on his face as plain as a pike-staff. But one might as well think of discovering a needle in a hay-stack as of finding a boy that you've seen but once, in such a wilderness of human beings. But let me mark the spot. Yes—here stands the Maison D Or. The night, the twenty fifth; the hour, twelve o'clock by all the chimes. I sha'n't forget, and something more may come of this to render memory useful. And now to bed."

In the mean time, our young friend no rogue as the old soldier thought of him had made his way into the twelfth ward of Paris, where he lived. He threaded his way through dark and tortuous streets, and finally turned into a narrow, dirty alley at the corner of which burned a large lantern, on the glass of which was inscribed, 'Lodgings for the night at four sous." But Pierre did not lodge in that house. That was a palace compared to the filthy, dingy hole which gave him shelter. It stood far down the alley—a tall, misshapen damp old pile, with low browed windows and mouldy walls, six stories in height. He paused at the door, and pulled the bell. The jingling sound was followed by a dead silence. Again, and not without some trepidation, he pulled the cord. Shuffling steps were heard, the rattling of a chain and the clank of an iron bar falling, and then a harsh, sharp female voice exclaimed:

"Who's making this infernal racket at this hour of the night?"

"It is I, Pierre Lafont;" faltered the boy.

"Imp of Satan! come in then!" cried the voice as the door opened. "Do you want me to catch my death of cold, in the draught, limb?"

"Pardon me, mother Babouche," said the boy gently, "I am sorry to disturb you."

"I shall complain to your master," said the hag, "and see what a walloping you'll get then!"

"O, don't, pray!" he pleaded.

"Go along up stairs then—and go to bed, you hound."

The boy groped his way up the stairs to the sixth story, and entered the miserable little room, occupied by his master and seven other sweeps, who slept two in a bed—if the rickety contrivance they lay upon could be called a bed.

Pierre stole in softly, hoping to find no one awake, but the master sweep, a ruffian with one eye, who slept by the stove wrapped in a bear skin, slumbered as light as a cat, and he now glared with his single optic fiercely on the new comer, as he was stealing to his bed.

"Well! I'm blessed, young gentleman," said he, in a hoarse voice, roughened by frequent libations, "if this is not the height of criminality and impudence. Elegant dissipation, upon the honor of a gentleman. I had half a mind, you young whelp you, to order mother Babouche to keep you out, and let you cool your heels in an alley till morning by way of a lesson. What an example to your room mates! Shocking! shocking! And what ingratitude, you little cur! Does you never think of the poor boys what's got no home to go to? Are you aweer that I pay a hundred francs a year for this apartment? Do you remember that besides your boardin' and lodgin' and clothin' of you, your kind master pays you a per centage of your earnin's and sends you home to the country at the expiration of the season as rich as a jolly little Jew with his fortin in his fist? But the youth of this here generation cuts it fatter and fatter every day—blow me if they doean't. Now reflect on these remarks, which is hoffered in a cordial spirit—without narry thought of supper which is suppressed as a penalty, and thank your stars you've got a roof above your wicked little nob to night."

We have endeavored to give an idea of the style of this gentleman, by an equivalent for his *patois* which would have defied the power of translation. He now added:

"Come here now—and fork over your earnin's, so's you can sleep with a clear conscience."

Pierre handed his employer a handful of change, which he counted over carefully in his dirty palm before he consigned it to a bag he drew from beneath his shirt bosom.

"Are you sure you haven't kept anything back?" he asked suspiciously. "If it wasn't so late, I'd search you."

At the word "search" Pierre shuddered from head to foot. The bag of gold lay like a leaden weight upon his heart. But without making any reply, he crept beneath the coverlet, and lay down beside his customary bed fellow. The one eyed man extinguished the lantern which had been kept burning until then, and all was in darkness.

Pierre waited anxiously until he supposed his master was asleep, and feeling sure, from his deep breathing, that his comrade was in that condition, he carefully drew forth his treasure, and opening the straw tucked it away under him. However stealthily this act was performed, it made some noise.

"What's that?" cried the vigilant master.

"It was only me—turning over," faltered Pierre.

"Do you want that I should wallop you?" asked the amiable gentleman; "Otherwise I should advise you, as a particular friend, to be quiet."

Pierre lay as still as a mouse after this admonition, and soon fell asleep. But his slumber was disturbed, he dreamed of the gold. He thought he was leaving Paris for his native province—but that he had got but little way upon the road when he was pursued by soldiers—that they seized him—that he was taken to prison—thence to court—that he was tried for robbery—and sentenced to the guillotine. The voice of the judge rang like a knell in his ears, and he started broad awake.

The whole room was in a bustle. Daylight, gray and cold, was dawning through the dingy window panes. The boys were bustling about, buddling on what clothes they had laid aside the night before, while the master was seated by the stove, his one eye intently fixed upon an iron pot from whose bubbling surface arose a steam that could have been deemed savory only by wretches on the verge of starvation.

The sweep turned his eye from the soup to Pierre at the moment of the latter's awakening.

"Young gentleman," said he, with mock politeness, "breakfast is nearly ready. Will you rise and partake with us or do you prefer to have your soup served in bed, like the fine gemmen and ladies at court?"

Pierre started out of bed, but he had no sooner risen than he felt sick and dizzy, and so weak that he fell backwards on the straw.

The one-eyed man sprang towards poor Pierre:

"What are you cuttin' up these here shines for?" he exclaimed.

"O, dear sir," cried the boy, "I don't know what's the matter with me. Indeed, sir, I can't stand. I was hot as fire just now, and—" his teeth chattered, he shuddered violently, and burst into tears.

The one-eyed man stamped his foot in a fury.

"I'm blowed if you haint gone and catched a fever," said he. "And you're spiteful enough to die on my hands, and fetch the beaks on me, inquiring into my private concerns, and laying your death at my door, you little viper. But if you die," he muttered, "no one sha'nt be any the wiser for it."

Pierre's senses had begun to wander, and he did not catch the import of the man's words—only a vague sense of abandonment and danger weighed upon him. He crept shivering under the coverlet, and tried to warm his agued limbs.

Meanwhile the one-eyed man had removed the pot from the fire, and after having dexterously transferred with a fork certain choice bits of meat on which he had kept his eye steadily fixed during the culinary operation, to a tolerably clean earthen plate, he produced a small loaf of white bread and prepared to regale himself with the ferocity of an ogre, while he abandoned the rest to the boys. The latter fastened on the food with the eagerness of famished wolves, sitting round the pot, and conveying portions to their mouths with wooden spoons, gnawing at intervals the crust of rye-bread with which they were provided. The meal was soon finished and they hurried off to their day's work. The master went last.

"Pierre," said he, somewhat less harshly than usual, "you seem to be poorly, and so I'll leave you to look arter the room and keep house. Mind—I holds you responsible for everything here. Lock the door when I'm gone, and don't on any pretence let anybody in—not even mother Babouche. Take care of yourself, for my sake."

With these words the one eyed man departed, and Pierre contrived to stagger to the door and lock it.

"I wish I hadn't taken that money," he thought as he regained his bed. "It seems to bring ill-luck with it. I'd give it all—if I could get word to my parents that I'm very sick. O, God! if I should die here and never see the pleasant faces of my father and mother, and the green hills of Auvergne again!"

The hours rolled wearily away. Pierre was half dozing when he heard a knock at the door.

"Who goes there?" he exclaimed.

"Is's only I—I—your friend, Robert the rag-picker," said a familiar voice, "let me in."

"Master told me not to let any one in while he was away," said the boy.

"That wasn't meant for me—of course," replied the voice, "I'm like one of you, you know—the right sort. I heard you was sick, Pierre—and I thought I'd sit with you a little while."

Robert the rag-picker, in spite of his loathsome trade and degrading associations, had some few good traits about him. He lodged under the same roof—on the same floor indeed, and the chimney-sweeper often exchanged a word with him on the staircase. Solitude was so oppressive, that the boy thought he would venture to disobey his master's orders, and so he got up, opened the door, admitted his visitor and then tottered back to bed.

A cloth cap, patched and many colored, the visor hanging by a thread, dull gray eyes under heavy brows, a long Jewish beard, a patched blanket-coat, trowsers of the same materal, and bare feet thrust into thick hob nailed shoes—these features will enable the reader to form a conception of the rag-picker. Add that he carried his professional hook and bag, and the sketch is complete.

"So you're unwell, my poor boy," said he, sitting down on the bed beside him. "I know what it is to be sick and lonely—but when I was of your age I didn't sleep in a bed like this. No, Pierre, I came of gentle blood—I was rich once."

"And how came you so poor?" asked the boy.

"The bottle," answered the rag-picker in a husky voice, "The bottle is the reddest republican we have among us. If I had money now—it would go to the tavern—go as if it had wings, boy. But no more of this. Let me feel your pulse."

Pierre extended his arm and the rag-picker laid a finger gently on his wrist, counting the pulsations to himself.

"Threatened with a fever; but perhaps only a cold," said he, producing a small bottle from his pocket. "Here's some doctor's stuff I brought with me. Drink—it will calm you, cool your blood and enable you to sleep."

The boy drank as directed, and returned the vial to his friend. Soon afterwards, he sank into a deep slumber. The rag picker watched him with an expression of satisfaction. Noticing that his bed was uneven, he carefully shook up and smoothed the straw, being particular not to disturb the sleeper. As he did this, his hand encountered a hard substance. To search for it among the straw was the impulse of a moment. He found and drew forth the bag of money. The clink of gold awakened all his slumbering passions—all the quiescent but not extinct evil of his erring nature. He clutched it convulsively and pressed it to his heart. Visions of riot and revelry flashed across his mind—the carnival was coming; he had now the means of flaunting it among the best. He reasoned that this sum of money could not rightfully belong to the sleeping boy—then why had not he, a gentleman born, as good a claim to it as any body else? He did not stop to discuss the question of right, but secured the bag, and hastened away, leaving Pierre to sleep on, unconscious of his loss.

The boy awoke much refreshed. His thoughts reverted to the treasure he had found the night before, and now, with a mind in a better frame, his natural sense of right told him how he should act. The loser of the money would undoubtedly make a noise about it, advertise it, offer rewards in hand-bills, and as soon as he made his address known, Pierre would restore it to him and explain the circumstances under which it came into his possession. His heart felt lighter as he resolved upon this course, and he instinctively felt among the straw to see if the treasure were safe. O! horror! it was gone! No one but the rag-picker could have taken it. Feeble as he was he rose and sought the man's apartment. It was locked. He crawled down to the porter's lodge and learned from mother Babouche that the rag-picker had gone out—an unusual thing for him, for he

was a bird of night, and usually spent the day in sleep. Nothing was to be done but to wait patiently. With a heavy heart he crept back to his room. That night his master did not abuse him. He had got frightened about the boy's health, and had made up his mind that he should not require him to work for some days. The next day Pierre found himself much better, and his master told him he had better go out and take the air. During all this time the rag-picker had not been heard from. In a vague hope of meeting him somewhere, the boy resolved to profit by the permission to go abroad. When his comrades were gone, he washed himself, and put on a tolerably decent suit of clothes he had brought from the country. When he got into the fresh air, he felt the cravings of a keen appetite, and going into a cheap restaurant, he laid out a few sous in hot coffee and rolls, and felt much refreshed and strengthened by the unwonted fare. This done, he bent his steps to the Boulevard des Italiens, halting by the way at all the printing shop windows. As he was gazing at a portrait of the great emperor, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and looking up, he saw an old soldier, resting on a staff, for he had lost one leg, gazing intently upon him.

"Young gentleman," said the soldier, with a grim, sinister smile, "I think I have seen you before."

"I don't remember you, sir," said the boy, wonderingly.

"Do you walk the streets late at night?" asked the soldier.

"Sometimes."

"Then perhaps you can tell me where you were, on the twenty-fifth, at midnight, in the rain storm."

Pierre started, turned crimson, and then deadly pale.

"I thought I knew you," said the soldier, noticing his emotion, "though I only saw your face by lamp light, and you were dressed differently from what you are now. I suppose you spent part of that money on dress."

"Indeed, sir," said the boy earnestly, the tears rushing to his eyes, "I did not touch a sou of it."

"Are you prepared then to make restitution?" asked the soldier.

"The money is gone!" said the boy.

"Sit down on this bench," said the soldier, "and let us talk this matter over. You look like an honest boy, now your face is clean, and you are too young to be utterly hardened. Now then," he added, when they were both seated. "On the night of the twenty-fifth of January I saw you pick up a bag of money opposite the Maison D Or at midnight, and you were gone before I could overtake you. That bag, as I found out next day, had been dropped by Samuel Bernard, the banker. It contained two hundred and fifty Napoleons. He has offered a liberal reward—one hundred francs—for its recovery. Now tell me honestly all you know about that money."

Pierre recounted his whole history, and all the particulars with which the reader is already acquainted.

"The rag picker stole it!" exclaimed the soldier. "His name is—"

"We only know him as Robert the rag-picker," interrupted the boy.

"Robert the rag picker!" exclaimed the soldier: "he lives in the famous *Maison Noire* of the twelfth arrondissement?"

"The same," replied the boy, wondering. "You know him then.

"Know him!" muttered the soldier, as if to himself. "It can be no other. If it be indeed he, he will rush back to his old haunts, and in one of those places we shall perhaps find him. You must remain with me and help me in my search. Fear nothing. I will stand between you and your master's anger. This Samuel Bernard, the loser, has done me a service more than once, and if I can requite it, I shall feel all the easier."

Pierre consented to the proposition, for he, too, was deeply interested, and felt in some degree responsible for the recovery of the money.

* * * * *

At midnight a crowd of masqueraders thronged one of the brilliant cafes, which are filled from sunset till long after midnight during the Parisian carnival. The principal apartment, resplendent with lights, and enlivened by the music of a full band, was upon the ground floor, from which a spiral staircase ascended to another suite of apartments.

Among the assembly, Hannibal, the old soldier, and the boy, disguised and washed were seated apart at a table, drinking coffee.

"I fear I shall not find him," said the soldier, in a low tone. "This used to be one of his haunts before he sank to his present degradation. I thought the force of habit would bring him here when he was in funds again. But it is past midnight, and if we hear nothing of him we shall have to give up the search."

He had hardly done speaking, when, from the apartment above, a crash of breaking glass and crockery was heard, mingled with shrieks and exclamations, and a crowd of maskers, men and women and waiters, poured down the staircase into the lower room in wild disorder.

The landlord sprang forward in great alarm.

"What is the matter?" he asked of a terrified waiter.

The man was about to reply, when the cause of the confusion became apparent. Plunging down the staircase with unsteady steps, his face inflamed with drinking, a rich fancy dress torn and disordered, the arm of a broken chair brandished in his hand, appeared Robert the rag picker.

"Come on!" he cried, in a husky voice—"Dogs—*canaille*! It's drink or fight with me. You refused my hospitality, and now you shall abide the consequences! Come on! I say!"

"It is he!" cried the terrified boy to his companion.

"Begone, out of my house!" cried the landlord.

The reply of the infuriated reveller was a blow aimed at the landlord's head, which fortunately missed him.

"Quick!" cried the landlord to a waiter: "Go—call the guard—tell him the trouble, and say there'll be bloodshed if he doesn't make haste."

The waiter departed.

"Bring on your troops!" roared the rag-picker. "I'm a match for 'em!"

"All is lost," said the old soldier to the boy, "if he is arrested. He has probably hidden the money, and if once taken will never reveal anything about it. As it is gold, there is no identifying it; and besides, it is not uncommon for these rag-pickers to save up considerable sums."

In the meantime an inspector and two soldiers appeared.

"I give this man in charge to you," said the landlord; "he has been destroying my property, frightened my guests, and threatens to do us violence."

"Come—my fine fellow;" said the inspector, laying his hand on the rag picker's collar, whom the sight of the soldiers had somewhat sobered; "you must go with me, and end your carnival in the lock-up."

"Mr. Officer," said the wooden-legged soldier, approaching him, and speaking low, "this man has only been a little noisy—a mere carnival frolic. If you carry out the letter of the law you'll have half Paris under lock and key. If you'll let him off, I'll be responsible for his behaving quietly."

The inspector was acquainted with Hannibal Ponton.

"Well, comrade," said he, "seeing it's you, I'll let him off—but you must get him home!" And calling to the soldiers, he quitted the cafe.

"My preserver!" cried the rag-picker, with a burst of maudlin sensibility,—"let me embrace you."

"Gustave Grammont," whispered the soldier, "be a man!"

"Gustave Grammont!" muttered the rag-picker, sulkily, "who calls me by that name? There was a gentleman once who bore that name—he is no more—in his stead there grovels in the kennels of Paris, like a beast, a man called Robert the rag picker."

"Gustave! Don't you remember your old friend, sergeant Hannibal!"

"What! Hannibal Ponton! your hand, old fellow! Come take a drink for old acquaintance's sake."

"Not a drop!" said the old soldier. "And you have had too much already. Come along with me. The air will do you good."

"Right!" muttered the rag-picker, "lead, I'll follow."

"You'll come with me, if you please," said the soldier, and putting his arm within the rag-picker's, he led him into the street, followed by Pierre.

"Now, old boy," said the soldier coaxingly—"I'll go home with you. Let me see—where do you live?"

"Nowhere," said the rag picker, sullenly. "I have no home but the gutter—I don't live anywhere—I exist in the streets, like the rats and other vermin."

"You're joking," said the soldier; "Come—move on. Don't I know where the *Maison Noire* is?"

"The Black House!" retorted the rag picker. "And do you suppose I'm going to that hole, with the carnival in full blast, and leaving music, dancing, pretty women and glorious Burgundy behind me? Harkee! comrade—let's make a night of it. I've got two hundred and forty-five Napoleons about me!"

"There were two hundred and fifty in the bag when you found it," said the old soldier, with deep emphasis.

"It is false! the money was my own," faltered the rag picker. "I pinched and economized and saved it all. I didn't steal it. No one saw me take it."

"Here stands a witness!" said the soldier, pointing to the chimney-sweeper.

"You stole it, Robert!" cried the boy, advancing.

"Pierre!" cried the rag picker, aghast. "Curse on my luck. Well, then, I took the money—what would you have? I needed it—I was a gentleman once."

"Yes—and you broke your father's heart," said the old soldier. "But, though a spendthrift and a drunkard, never, I believe, till now, were you a thief!"

"True! true!" said the conscience-stricken man, now nearly sobered. "Save me from exposure! I will make restitution. Here—hold your hand—here's the accursed money-bag that I took from that sick boy. It is nearly all there. But stay—how do I know you are authorized to receive it?"

"I give you the word of one of Napoleon's old soldiers."

"Enough! take it. And now," added the rag-picker, "let me go back to the Black Hole. Forget that you once knew me—believe as the world does—that Gustave Grammont is no more. Good night."

"Can you not make an effort to subdue your evil propensities?" asked the old soldier.

"I have done so, and have failed," replied the rag picker, gloomily. "But a little while longer, and the struggle will be over. Once more—farewell."

That night Pierre lodged with the old soldier, and the next morning, early, they went to the banker's house, Hannibal taking care that Pierre should be decently attired. They were ushered into a sitting room, and while the little chimney sweeper waited, the old soldier went into Mr. Bernard's cabinet. In a few moments he returned, and beckoned Pierre to follow him. The latter obeyed and stood in the presence of a somewhat stern looking, care-worn and white haired man, very fashionably dressed. The moment he cast his eyes on Pierre, his countenance changed—his eyes dilated, and his whole frame shook.

"How old are you, boy?" he asked, with an effort to articulate.

"Fourteen," replied the boy, wondering at the gentleman's emotion.

"The very age! and her image!" muttered the banker. "It cannot be a mere chance likeness. Nature does not work such miracles. Come hither."

The boy approached him wonderingly. The banker gazed upon him tearful eyes, and passed his hand gently over his golden locks. Then, unbuttoning his collar, he bared his breast, and no sooner beheld there a small scar delicately imprinted in a bluish outline on the fair skin, than he threw his arms about him, and pressed him to his heart, exclaiming, "my nephew! my poor nephew!"

Let us explain. A little less than fourteen years before, the only sister of Samuel Bernard, than a very poor young man, on her death bed placed a child in his arms. She had married against her brother's wishes, a worthless man who ill-treated and abandoned her, and she died of a broken heart. Bernard was extremely poor, and regarded with no favor the pledge of an ill-starred union. He abandoned the child to the care of a Foundling Hospital. Afterwards the infant was adopted by a worthy couple, who were on the eve of emigrating to one of the French West India Islands. When Samuel Bernard became prosperous, he sought for the abandoned child, but all traces were lost. Subsequently, the supposed parents of Pierre returned to Auvergne, ruined, and he had to share all the vicissitudes of the children of the poor. The banker had married, but though prospered in the world, in domestic life misfortune attended him. He lost all his children while infants, and finally his wife, and he deemed this affliction a retribution for his abandonment of his sister's child.

The acknowledged nephew of the rich banker, Pierre, was now placed at school, where his native genuis made up for lost time; his parents by adoption were made comfortable, and the old soldier—the unconscious instrument of the restoration of the boy—never wanted comfort while he lived. Pierre Bernard, for he adopted his uncle's name, always preserved his chimney sweeper's dress, as a memorial of his vicissitudes.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—If you do not begin, you will never come to the end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first shilling put in the saving bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby give a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning. The fable of St. Denys, who lifted up his head from the ground, after decapitation, and walked away with it, was drawn by Sir Joshua Reynolds with the legend underneath—"It is but the first step which is difficult." M. S.

Would you know the secret of domestic peace and tranquility, the charm which can harmonise the most dissimilar natures or the most conflicting prejudices, when they are gathered under one roof? It may be summed up in two words—"Avoid Argument." To argue is seldom to convince, but it is often to excite. Besides the defeat of an argument leads to a loss of temper, and sometimes the victor and the vanquished are equal sufferers in the end. And how few things are worth argument after all!

POLISHING DIAMONDS.

IT is a very tedious operation to cut a diamond and polish it. A diamond in the rough resembles nothing more than a pebble of rock salt. The brilliancy of the gem is developed only at great expenditure of time and labor. In the first place if the stone in the rough is so shaped as to need splitting the workman decides what part is to be removed, and makes a small cleft with another diamond. A diamond edged tool is then used as a cleaver and the fragment is split off. The greatest care is necessary, of course, to determine what will be the direction and extent of the cleavage, and as it cannot be made except with the grain, only a long experienced workman can tell how to make the cut.

The stone next passes to the cutter, who, by the common method still in general use, uses two stones at once mutually to cut each other. Each is secured at the end of a stick in a cement made of resin and marble dust. Holding a stick in each hand over a box, to catch the diamond dust, the workman steadily rubs one against the other until the attrition wears down one face of each diamond. As soon as a clear space has been cut through the rough outer coatings ("making a window," the experts call it) the diamond is carefully examined for flaws and its shape determined. If a flaw lies near the outline, it can, of course, be easily cut away in shaping it; but if it is far in the interior, the stone, if large, must be cut in two, making two half sized gems instead of one large one. The shape having been decided, the cutter goes on to cut the stone to correspond in general form to that determined upon. Yankee ingenuity, however, has now devised a machine for cutting diamonds, which, when generally introduced, is destined to save much manual labor.

When the diamond is passed over to the polisher, it is set in a lead setting held in a kind of a socket about an inch in diameter and attached to a rest which is heavy enough to press the diamond down upon the polishing disc with sufficient force. The disc is a circular plate made of steel and iron revolving horizontally at a velocity of 3 000 revolutions a minute. The face of the disc is covered with oil containing diamond dust, which is retained in the pores of the iron and acts as a polishing agent. The diamond is carefully set in the solder as nearly as possible at a right angle, but if a slight variation either way is needed the copper stem which holds the diamond socket can be bent sufficiently to give the exact angle required. Two or even more diamonds can be polished at the same time on the one disc, and as the process is necessarily very slow, three or more rests can be watched by one skilled workman.

American diamond cutters buy most of their rough stones in the London market, and as there is no duty on rough diamonds, but a tariff of fifteen per cent. upon the polished article, when set, and ten per cent. when unset, this tariff would alone give them quite a satisfactory profit were it not for the fact that diamonds can be so conveniently smuggled. The greater portion of the rough diamonds at the present time come from the South African fields, but the finest are found in Brazil and India. Since the discovery of the South African fields about twelve years ago, the price of diamonds has fallen to about seventy five per cent. of what it was before. The most fashionable and elegant shape in which a diamond is now cut is the "brilliant," which has an upper table, generally octagonal in shape, thirty-two faces to the girdle, or broadest part of the stone, and a pyramid below running to an apex called the "collet." The proper proportion for showing the full brilliancy of a stone is one-third above the girdle and two-thirds below.

LOVE FOR CHILDREN.—Those who love children are not those who merely love the pleasure they can get from children; those love, not the children, but that pleasure, and the moment it ceases to be pleasure, then farewell to the children. Those who really love children love all about them—the troubling and the teasing that they make, the washing and worrying; they do not tire with their fretting, they are not disgusted with their care, they are not annoyed with their questioning, they are not made nervous by their bawling, they take them in their entirety. It never occurs to them to say that these things are disagreeable, for, in reality, the agreeable things, the loveliness, the velvet cheeks, the exquisite mouth with its little pearls, the perfect eyes, the opening soul, the charming intelligence, the constant sense of the creation of a new human being going on under their eyes, the receptivity of love, the thing for love, all so far overbalance anything that is not in accord with them as to put it entirely out of sight and mind.

M. S.

London has a new benevolent association called the "Kyrie Society," whose object is to introduce beauty into the common life of common people. They seek to decorate hospitals; they lend pictures to institutions; they beautify the homes of the working classes. Their chief aim is to improve the architecture of alleys and lanes by giving the houses oriel windows, medallions, and decorative iron work.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

BY H. B. J.

What legions of "friends" always bless us,
When golden success lights our way;
How they smile as they softly address us,
So cordial, good-humored and gay!
But, ah! when the sun of prosperity
Hath set, then how quickly they frown,
And cry out, in tones of severity,
"Kick the man! don't you see he is down?"

What though when you know not a sorrow,
Though your heart was as open as day,
And your "friends," when they wanted to borrow,
You obliged, and ne'er asked them for pay.
What though not a soul you e'er slighted,
As you wander about through the town,
Your "friends" become very near-sighted,
And don't seem to see when you're down.

When you're "up" you are loudly exalted,
And traders all sing to your praise:
When you're "down" you have greatly defaulted,
And they "really don't fancy your ways:"
Your style was "up top" when you'd money,
So sings every sneaker and clown;
But now, 'tis exceedingly funny,
Things are altered "because they are down."

Oh, give me the heart that forever
Is free from the world's selfish rust,
And the soul, whose high, noble endeavor
Is to raise fallen man from the dust!
And when in adversity's ocean
A victim is likely to drown,
All hail to the friends whose devotion
Will lift up a man when he's down!

An Odd Girl.

BY W. B.

WHERE shall we spend the summer, May?"

"I shall vanish completely, my dear Mrs. Venor," replied May Dain.

"May, what do you mean? What new vagary have you in your mind now? Shall you not come to the seaside with our party?"

But to all these questions May shook her pretty head, and only answered, mysteriously—

"I shall vanish completely."

And she kept her word. All society wondered whither its "bright particular star" had flitted, but no one knew.

May Dain was an orphan, without near relatives, and with plenty of money; and though bright, beautiful and fascinating May's dearest friends dubbed her "an odd girl."

Among May's "oddities" was a love and yearning to help the poor.

Aristocratic Celia Hetwell was only too delighted to accompany her friend, Miss Dain, one afternoon; but her dainty nose elevated itself to such a degree it must have been exceedingly hard to get it to its normal condition again, when May led her through a squalid street, up a crooked flight of stairs, and into a poor, poverty stricken room, where a sick mother and her two little ones suffered for the necessaries of life.

"There, Celia Hetwell, that's what I wanted you to see! Now you know where I spend so much of my time!"

Celia lifted her rich silk a little higher, and not until she was again in the broad, cleanly street did she speak. Then—

"What a disagreeable place, May Dain. I always thought you were the oddest girl I ever saw."

* * * * *

The train swiftly glided along, and in a seat all by herself, in a plain linen traveling-dress, with a thick veil over her face, was a young lady, while before her a little boy and girl were gazing out of the window, uttering every now and then ejaculations of delight.

The train stopped.

"Here we are, Neddie! Come, Mamie!" and in a moment May's proteges had alighted with her at a small station, and were whirled away to their destination.

"Is this place really in the world?" thought May to herself. "It must be out of Time's beaten track, at any rate, for I do not believe a single thing has changed since I was here last, ten years ago. I can almost imagine myself an overgrown, pale faced girl, with great, staring eyes, and short hair close to my head."

May laughed at the memory, and she could afford to do so, for her trim, graceful figure had certainly no suggestion of overgrowth, nor her blooming cheek of pallor, at the present time. Good Mrs. Chapman, herself as little changed as the old farmhouse, was astonished to learn that this beaming, radiant girl was the same sallow-faced little heiress whose chances for life and health she had thought so small ten years ago.

But not as an heiress did May intend to be known, and very soon the good old lady grew quite accustomed to her new title of "Aunt Mary" from May's lips, and the little Neddie and Mamie took kindly to the equally new name of "Sister May."

Life now was indeed a novelty to the fashionable girl, used each day to so much gaiety and amusement; but she enjoyed it heartily.

So the days went on. Mrs. Venor and her "set" at the seaside danced and flirted the long hours away; but I doubt if they had the same enjoyment of each moment as did the girl concerning whose whereabouts they often wondered, and whom they called, more frequently than ever—"odd."

One afternoon a stranger walked up the quiet country lane. Suddenly he paused, and looked with interest at a rustic scene before him. An old farmhouse overgrown by clustering vines; a great elm tree, and underneath its shade a slender, girlish figure, seated upon a wooden stool. Near by, intently watching "sister May," was Mamie, while from the branches above peered down a pair of boyish eyes.

All this the stranger saw.

After hesitating a moment he went back through the lane, and opening the front gate, went in.

His engaging manners soon won Mrs. Chapman's confidence, and when she learned that he was a young minister upon his vacation, and that he would like to have a room under her roof tree for a short time, she willingly assented.

So it was that when May came in she was introduced to Mr. Edward Clawson.

Time went on, and still he lingered at the old farm house; and May acknowledged to herself that in all her life she had never before met anyone like Edward Clawson.

May had the advantage of him, too, for it was not long before she discovered that he was the same Mr. Clawson who was her friend Mrs. Venor's cousin, and whose praises she had heard chanted many and many a time.

But Edward thought when he laid his heart at May's feet, she was truly the little country maiden she seemed.

Hearts had been offered at her shrine before, but not such as this, and so she simply raised her truthful eyes to his, and answered—

"You shall have my reply to morrow. Seek among the flowers in the old crumbling font in the ruined place yonder at evening to morrow."

And with this she sped away, covered with blushes.

That night she penned a long and consenting answer to his appeal, and early the next morning she took the note, and hid it among the flowers that grew in the font.

The letter Mr. Clawson found there that evening, and it made him the happiest of mortals.

May felt some twinges of conscience when Mrs Chapman asked her if she had told her betrothed that her name was not Chapman, as he supposed; but she felt loth to break the charm.

At last the time came when they must go.

May wanted Neddie and Mamie to enter school when the term began, and Mr. Clawson's duties called upon him imperatively.

So together they took leave of their kind hostess, and started upon their journey.

May almost wished it were longer, for she knew that she must now disclose the little deception she had practised, and although it had been entered into innocently, she felt afraid that perhaps her betrothed, with his strict sense of what was right and wrong, might not approve.

Their journey was almost over, and they entered the station to change for the last time.

They had hardly seated themselves in a corner where they could talk without being overheard, when a lady saw them, and came rapidly forward with outstretched hands.

"Why, cousin Edward and May Dain! You two together, of all people in the world! Where did you drop from?"

Suddenly a slight frown disfigured for a moment the little widow's smooth forehead, and, with a change of tone she said—

"I don't care much about seeing you, Edward. The idea of you having the face to write to me—who have always taken more than a sister's interest in you—such a letter! to tell me that you, with your expectations, had thrown yourself away upon a country girl!"

Not minding his cousin's mock anger, Edward turned to the blushing girl beside him, saying—

"May Dain? I thought Mrs. Chapman introduced you as her niece, and that your name was Chapman, too."

Mrs. Venor looked from one to the other in amazement.

"Chapman—why, that is the name of the girl you wrote me you were engaged to. What does this mean?

"It means, Edward," said May, softly, "that May Chapman and the May Dain, your cousin's friend, whom you told me you so dreaded meeting, as you knew she was only a spoiled heiress, are one and the same."

After one surprised look, Mrs. Venor burst into a soft peal of laughter.

"It's too good! I see! The very thing I was going to try and bring about. Cousin Edward, let me thank you for falling into my plans so readily."

It was a happy, merry party that gathered in Mrs. Venor's house that evening.

"I knew you were cut out for each other," said their hostess, as she watched the love light in Edward's eyes whenever he turned them towards May. Indeed, he reconciled himself very speedily to marrying an odd girl.

Prosperity should not be sought through the injury of another's reputation or business.

The Pupil's Love.

BY H. C.

IT was the final night of her engagement, which had been a signal triumph in the Italian city, and an ovation was tendered by the nobility to the gifted pupil of the celebrated Max Herne.

Whose mind was filled with the greatest sense of triumph to-night, master's or pupil's?

Max Herne sat alone in his box, handsome, calm, collected, seemingly unimpressed by the excitement about him.

But noting his eyes, they tell a tale.

Was it the performer or performance that filled his eyes with adoration? We shall see.

The beautiful child of music bowed her golden head and received the honors heaped upon her.

Her cheek was flushed with triumphant pleasure, but she did not look once towards the box where her master sat.

Herse was detained some minutes after the curtain went down by friends pressing around him with their congratulations, so his pupil was at home by the time he got round to the stage entrance.

In her private parlor, the flush of triumph no longer glowed upon the cheek of the child of music. Surely she was not satisfied with to-night's triumph.

The expression betrayed her heart, her happiness was incomplete; her eyes said as plainly as words, heart hungry.

The door opened, and Maude Leblanc started from her position.

It was a young French girl, her maid, who entered, saying:

"Monsieur Herne is here. Shall I admit him?"

"Yes."

And the daughter of music's face took on a rosy hue again before Max Herne stepped into the room.

"How did you get away so quickly?" he cried, the moment he entered. "I thought your admirers would have detained you for some time."

"I did not give them a chance," she replied, averting her face from his gaze. "I was tired of it all, and wanted to get away. I wish it was over."

"You wish what was over?" he said, severely.

"My engagement throughout Italy. I long for the day to come when we shall sail for home."

"Then your art does not satisfy your soul's longings. You have opened your heart's door and let in other idols to share the place of one."

She did not answer him.

"Surely," he said, after waiting some moments for her to speak, "you have no particular wish to return to the farmehouse where I found you. If my memory serves me aright, your life in your native land, what I saw of it, was anything but pleasant."

His words stung her. This man, standing before her like a merciless judge, knew as well as she did herself that she loved him.

She had betrayed her love to him a thousand times by words and deeds. Why should he speak to her thus unkindly?

"Yes, my past life was anything but pleasant," she cried, in a tone that startled Max Herne, for he had not heard her use it for years. "But I am tired of this one all the same—tired of hearing the high-sounding name you have dubbed me."

"You are ungrateful," he said, coldly, interrupting her.

"No, no; do not think that," she cried. "To repay you for what you have done for me I would devote my life to you."

"Devote your life not to me but to your art. It is my idol, as I have often told you. Make it yours, have no other if you would repay me."

Her fair face was instantly buried in her hands to hide its growing whiteness.

Her love was thrown back to her.

Long ago, the truth that her master was selfish to the heart's core, tried to force itself upon her, but she would not believe it.

If she had a spark of pride, she would never again let this man know how much she loved him; indeed, he was already tumbling from the pedestal in her heart upon which she had reared him.

"You are tired: you are not yourself to-night," he said, more softly, smoothing her bowed head: "I think you ought to retire at once, you need rest: you know we start for Germany to-morrow. Has the senora everything in readiness?"

"We will be ready to start any time to-morrow," she answered, as she raised her head.

"Then I will bid you good night," he said.

"One question before you go," she said, quickly. "It has been on my mind for some time."

"What is it?" he asked, in his old gentle tone, at the same time regarding her intently for her expression, he thinks, has certainly undergone a change.

"Supposing you discovered another child displaying the same talents that I did, would you take her, and do for her as you have for me?"

His answer came without a moment's hesitation.

"Would I?" he cried, his eyes aglow. "Ah, if some fairy could inform me where a dozen such children were, I should only be too ready to take them all. Why, my child, one such performance of my pupil, as yours last night would repay me for my trouble."

As Max Herne finished speaking, the last slender column that propped her idol on its throne snapped, and it toppled to the ground.

Max Herne was gone in another minute, and she, alone in her misery, knew that the idol she worshipped was made of selfish clay and was broken for ever.

If one night of triumph repays my master surely he is repaid now, is what Maud Leblanc thinks, as success meets them in the German cities.

She is out for her morning walk in the pretty town in which they have stopped to rest for a day.

Only one week more, she thinks, and then for home.

I wonder——

Her thoughts are broken by a voice at her side.

Is she dreaming?

Maude, Maude; is it little Maude?"

She turns

She is not dreaming.

The owner of the boyish voice of long ago, the one bright gleam of her past life the only link that connected her with her native land, is standing, a tall, handsome man beside her.

"Hunt Ellis!" she cried, joyfully.

"It is little Maude, then," he said, taking the hand she offered. "I beg pardon," he continued, "I suppose I ought to call you Mademoiselle——"

"No, no," she cried; "call me Maude, don't call me that hateful assumed name."

"Ah, I am glad it is only assumed," he said, archly. "I was sure it was you I saw at Berlin, and I followed you here. Very impudent of me, was it not?" he asked, in the hearty voice she remembered so well.

"Very," she answered, catching some of his spirit, and, strange to say, she felt her heart growing light; "but I suppose, now that you are here, you may walk with me and we will talk——"

"Over old times," he concluded; "I have no earthly business here but to see you? Now shall I go or stay?"

"We go ourselves to-morrow," she answered.

"Where?"

"To Paris. One performance there, and then for home."

"Then I am for Paris to morrow also; that is if you do not object, for you know we cannot say all we two have to say about old times between now and to-morrow," he answered, laughing.

At Paris Maude Leblanc gained her crowning triumph.

"My child, you surpassed everything I ever dreamed of for you to night," cried Max Herne, when the performance was over.

"That was because I am so happy," she says, and her beaming face strengthened her words. "I could not but succeed to night, for my heart is overflowing with love. My master, you must make no engagements for me."

"I do not understand you," he cried, in a tremor.

"I will explain in a few words. Because I have made a life-long engagement for myself."

"You have made an engagement for yourself?"

"Yes, I am going to marry Hunt Ellis. That is the cause of my overwhelming success to night."

If Maude Leblanc had planned her master's punishment, she could not have brought it about more effectually.

Now, when his protestations are in vain, when he knows she is lost to him for ever, the truth bursts upon him.

He loves her: she is the idol that has been enthroned in his heart, and, blind man, he could not see it until too late.

Abraham Ireland of Westminster, Md., was formerly a slave of Amos Lowe, in Baltimore county, and was as black as ebony. For forty years he has worked in a tan yard. Twenty two years ago spots made their appearance on his face and hands, and they have continued to spread until now his entire face, hands arms and feet are white, only a few dark spots resembling freckles remaining on his face. He enjoys good health and so far no satisfactory explanation has been given for this curious change from black to white. Some of the physicians who have examined him attribute it to the contact with acids in the tan-yard, used in the preparation of the hides, while others regard it as a species of erysipelas. His children are black.

Z. C. Cowley, an aged bachelor of Wyomiug, N. Y., advertised his desire "to correspond with a lady of suitable age with a view to matrimony." Margaret Hamilton, 60 years old, a resident of the Rochester Poor house, responded with a letter, in which she inclosed a photograph of herself taken ten years ago. The result was a meeting, followed by a wedding.

Our Young Folks.

THE LITTLE GUARDIAN.

BY A. R. S.

THERE were once two motherless babies, both girls, both blue-eyed, both fair, both exactly five months old, but there the resemblance ended: for one of these babes had a father who was one of the richest men, and who was highly respected, and the other had a father who was almost always tipsy, who, was suspected of having hurried his late wife's death, and who was altogether disreputable

The first babe would be an heiress when it grew up, if nothing happened. The second babe had for its sole protector its sister, a little girl of twelve years old But it was not, after all, a neglected babe. The child who lugged it about from morning until night, loved it ardently She was a strange, thin, gaunt little girl but not a bad one. She had been her mother's companion, and had shared her mother's woes. She had promised her mother to take care of the baby as she sat holding the little atom, wrapped in an old shawl, in her arms, while a doctor from the dispensary looked gravely down upon the dying woman, and thought within himself—

"Perhaps, after all, it is the best thing for her that could happen."

After the funeral was over little Susan sat with swollen eyes and looked at the baby, and wondered what "taking good care of it" was.

"How can I make it eat, and what's right for it?"

But the baby was always clean, and day by day the little nurse grew fonder and fonder of it.

She lugged it about the streets on fine days, and took it, wrapped in a long, black shawl, to the park whither nurse maids from the handsome streets in the neighborhood brought their charges in coaches and sat there envying their state and splendor, hour by hour.

More especially did she envy the baby of whom we have spoken—that other motherless child whose condition was so different from that of the one she took such care of.

She followed the nurse maid home to the house of the rich baby's father, and saw the windows of its nursery

She sat near the girl in the park, and listened to her talk with her friends

"When this child's grown up," she heard her say, one day, 'I'm told she's to have a quarter of a million."

'And what would Sisa have?" Susan asked herself, looking down at her own calico skirt falling in tatters about her ankles

"But, Sisa," said Susan, addressing nobody in particular, "is as fine as anyone, and as pretty, and she ought to have things like that one has."

And with this thought she sat down, one day on the steps of an alcove, within which Nora Dooney had drawn the coach, that she might have a little private chat with Pat Flannegan who had a day off and knew where to find Nora

"Go with you this afternoon, Pat," said Nora. "Oh, the luck I have, to be sure! Here's the head nurse taken sick and gone away, and the new one not coming until to-morrow and me a slave, no less, for the day with the baby on me hands My day out, too."

"Get someone to mind the child for you, Nora," whispered Pat, 'and come now"

"Where would I get anybody?" said Nora.

"Here's a decent little girl," said Pat, "and a motherly one, that minds the baby she holds like a woman. She'll watch the baby, wouldn't you, I say?"

"Yes, sir—yes'm. I'll be as careful as careful, if you'll let me"

"Well, if anyone finds me out, I'll lose my place," said Nora. 'Well, it's your fault, Pat, and mind, girl, don't leave this place. I'll be back in an hour. Just turn the back of the carriage round, and no one will be the wiser if they do peep in Now, Pat!" and Nora walked coquettishly away with her adorer, leaving Susan in charge of both babies

The very first thing that Susan did when she found herself alone, was to put Sisa into the coach beside the infant heiress but there was such a contrast between the old black shawl and the embroidered cloak that she snatched it out again with tears in her eyes

Then it entered Susan's mind to see how Sisa would look in the white lace cap.

She lifted up the small head on the pillow and slipped off the cap, and in a minute more she had tied the ribbons under the unconscious chin of Sisa.

The baby face on the pillow was pale, and had the half fed hollow eyed look still, but Susan clapped her hands and whispered ecstatically

"Oh, my little Sisa, Oh, how pretty you do look!"

Then, suddenly across Susan's mind swept a fancy—

If she were to leave Sisa there, and no one to find out what she had done—and from the nurse's talk she knew the child had no mother.

"Sisa, Sisa, if I could do it," she sobbed. "Oh, if I could. I will!"

Over and over again she kissed the little white face

Her heart beat as though it would choke her, but she made no attempt to change the children's clothes again, and Sisa still kept her place in the carriage when Nora returned, Pat with her.

"Here is a dime, little girl," said the latter

Nora took the handle of the carriage, glanced at the child, nodded to Susan, and wheeled Sisa away. Susan followed at a little distance, with the other child in her arms.

She saw the great door open and Sisa vanish behind it as it closed

"Oh Sisa," she cried; 'Oh Sisa, come back to me."

"Susan went home choking with grief It had never occurred to her that she had harmed the stolen child upon her arm She gave it milk and took it to bed with her as she had taken Sisa, but she had no feeling of tenderness for it.

All night long the tears ran down her cheeks, and when morning broke she slept and dreamt of Sisa. Oh, to have her back to hold her in her arms again What should she do without Sisa? But she dragged the other child about, fed it, washed it, and hung it about the house where Sisa dwelt in splendor as the rightful heiress

Meanwhile, the new nurse had arrived, pronounced the child a sickly little thing, and taken it in charge.

Nora had listened to her words with wide open eyes, and had looked at the thin little arms with horror.

"It's always been a fine child," she said "I never saw it look like that. All in one day it's changed. It scarcely looks like the same."

Nora repeated this to the cook.

"It's mother is calling it," said the cook. "That happens sometimes when the mother dies. The mother is calling it."

And so weeks passed dismally, and only now and then did Susan catch a glimpse of the baby carriage, with Nora behind it.

The weather was colder and the new head nurse was very careful of the sickly child But when winter's wind had moaned through the branches for awhile, the summer came The air was warm and misty, the park full of nurse maids once more. Amongst them Susan wandered with her charge, and she saw Nora approaching

From force of habit she made her way straight to the little alcove, and looked about her A girl with a child wrapped in a black shawl sat on its steps and looked up at her.

"Please, 'm," said this girl, meekly. "I'm the one that minded your baby once Don't you want her minded again?"

Nora reflected.

The new head nurse was strict, holidays unfrequent.

She knew where Pat was to be met.

"You've put it into my head," she said. 'Well, I'll give you something"

'Yes, 'm," replied Susan.

All she wanted was to touch Sisa once more. What did she care for money?

Nora, prudently turning the carriage departed once more.

Susan bent over the cradle.

"Sisa," she said, 'oh Sisa you shall come back, Sisa," sobbed Susan.

Her hands trembling with eagerness, undid the cap, the cloak, the strings of the dress. Again that alcove was the scene of a grand transformation Sisa resumed her yellow flannel and black shawl

The heiress was insinuated, shrieking, into her robes of state, but the cap, the cloak, and the socks were not on, when a wrathful hand clutched Susan's arm

"You're a stealing baby's things" said Nora, "and how do I know but you'd have stole baby too?"

"I don't want her," shrieked Susan, stamping, "a hateful, crying, ugly thing, that you can't love a bit. It's clothes only that makes her so fine. I would not have her for—for nothing," cried Susan, as she rushed away with Sisa in her arms.

"Ah——" she shrieked, turning for a moment when quite out of catching distance "You needn't be so proud of your rich baby—Sisa is worth ten of her"

That night Susan pressed Sisa to her heart utterly satisfied, utterly happy

And in the mansion Nora and the head nurse stared at the child as they prepared it for bed.

"I haven't seen it look like this for weeks" said Nora.

"I never saw anything like it" said the head nurse, "as plump and round, and all in a day"

"Her mother has ceased calling for her," said the cook.

But in her own room a great terror came upon Nora, and as she knelt at her prayers she vowed never to leave that carriage again.

A Chinaman is the cause of a divorce suit between a white husband and wife at Peoria, Ill.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS.

No. 371. FOLIMARCH.

No. 372.
A S G O L
S E I N E
T A R S E
E D D E R
R E S T S

No. 373. DOG-ROSE.

No. 374.
C
C O G
C A P E R
C O P I O U S
G E O D E
E U E
S

No. 375. WAYWARD.

No. 376.
M A L L O W
A R E O L A
L E A N E R
L O N G A N
O L E A T E
W A R N E D

No. 377. HEMMA.

No. 378.
G
T U F
T R I A L
T R O L L E D
Q U I L L E M O T
P A L E T O T
L E M O N
D O T
T

No. 379. THE WAR OF THE ROSES.

No. 380.
C A R A M A N
A N K L A C E
R E G A L E D
A L A M I R E
M A L I S O N
A C E R O S E
N E D E N E S

No. 381. ALINE.

No. 382.
C
F U R
P A L E D
P E S T L E S
F A S H I O N E D
C U L T I V A T I O N
R E L O A D I N G
D E N T I N E
S E I N E
D O G
N

No. 383. NUMERICAL.

A wonderful bird was that 2, 8;
That wonderful bird we never shall see
A beautiful girl was the 4 to 9
That beautiful girl will never be mine.
A very large town the WHOLE will relate;
That very large town is in a large State

New York City. ESPERANZA.

No. 384. OCTAGON.

1 An opening. 2. Goods sunk in the sea. 3. A species of hawk 4. Hurried. 5. Idle talk. 6 Part of the body. 7. A conjunction.

Gibson, Pa. ORDACHE.

No. 385. CROSS-WORD.

In tracing, not in walk,
In reeling, not in talk,
In homestead, not in sand,
In music, not in hand,
In shingle, not in ash,
In sidewalk not in path,
In humor not in fun,
In mother, not in son,
In darling, not in love,
The answer find above.

Landale, Pa. BALFOUR.

No. 386. REVERSED PYRAMID.

ACROSS.—1 A host. 2. Certain fruits 3. Silent. 4 A feminine nickname 5 A letter

DOWN.—1 A letter 2 The eleventh month of the Jewish civil year 3. Cloth made in India. 4 A genus of water-fowls 5 A large bird. 6. A shrub. 7 An animal. 8. A Roman coin. 9. A letter.

Dunkirk, N. Y. MY DOT.

No. 387. ANAGRAM

The tale below is very good,
'Twas penned by Mrs. Henry Wood,
WHO HAS THE SOFT LADY DAY?

Lebanon Church, Va O. C. O. LA.

No. 388. SQUARE.

(For the "Mariner")

1. A species of rat.
2. A girl's name
3. A town in Italy.
4. Prepared for a sley.
5. A cape of Sicily.
6. A beginner.
7. To decorate again.

Sedalia, Mo. EF FEM.

No. 389. CROSS-WORD.

A word was sold at Auction—
And noted Painters name—
But none could buy a letter,
That was still in his name
One [illegible] bid in the FIRST one,
And Skeezicks took the SECOND,
And Lochinvar the THIRD one
Was by by right reckoned,
Effendi took the FOURTH bone,
Meanwhile got the FIFTH,
And Trad'es claimed the SIXTH one
But Jonathan was vexed
That Aslan bought the SEVENTH—
And he acted very queer
And said he'd have the EIGHTH one
Or make it extra dear
While Rose then took the NINTH,
The TENTH was sold to owl,
Ef Fem bid to the ELEVENTH,
And all sat up a howl—
A single one was left,
They could not let get that
So finally agreed
To give it Tom Arnat
Then buyers took their letters
And placed them side by side,
And formed of them a TOTAL
That is to all a pride.

Millintown, Pa. SANCHO PANZA.

No. 390. QUADRANGULAR SQUARES.

(Not compound.)

Upper Left:—1. A bird. 2. A tree. 3. A color. 4. A county in Delaware.

Lower Left 1. To incite. 2. A town of Spain. 3. One 4. Degree.

Upper Right —1. False. 2. A brave man. 3. Sciences. 4 A dog.

Lower Right —1. To fly. 2. One of the U. S. 3. Helps. 4. A flower.

INITIALS —A flower. FINALS.—A flower.

Fort Clark, Texas. GAMMEW.

No. 391. CHARADE.

FIRST.

A kind of cake
The baker bakes.
This hungry man
Eats all he can
It clasps a book—
Or albums look.
Cold FIRST of weather
We've seen together.
A cracking sound.
Sharp yet profound.
You'll please detect
A small insect.
For last I'll write
An eager bite.

SECOND

In field 'tis found
To harrow ground.
Ride in a gay carriage
The day of your marriage,
A plate of steel
'Twill now reveal.
On days forlorn
I've seen it drawn
Through the turbid river for one I mourn.

THIRD

The soldier brave,
His arm did wave,
As to his men command he gave.
"THIRD, THIRD, my men!
And falter not;
Be reconciled
Unto your lot
And when the maddened strife is o'er,
No more you'll hear the cannon roar,
But proudly tell the part you bore"

WHOLE.

A showy plant
For WHOLE I want
Which bears a brilliant flower,
Go seek it there
In your parterre,
Or in my lady's bower,
A merry game
'Twill also name.
In which you draw some candy
From brimming cup
Filled wholly up
With spicy burning brandy.

Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 392. CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

Upper Left—1. A letter 2. A market town of Spain 3. A pillar 4 An atom 5. A letter.

Upper Right—1. A letter 2 By the way of. 3. Chinese musical instruments. 4 Time 5. A letter.

Lower Left -1 A letter. 2. A prefix denoting through. 3. Sovereigns. 4. A Turkish officer. 5. A letter

Lower Right—1. A letter 2. An animal. 3. Vessels. 4 To open. 5. A letter

Centrals connected -1. Articles of dress. 2. Dignities of Kings.

New Haven, Conn. O. POSSUM.

No. 393. CRYPTOGRAM

PBHY SEH TSMTCH QMWXUT FMSEHO
XQHT MAA SEH TSMTCH FWEHCHT,
MYJ SEH RHAMYREKAN JMT RYHTT
THYSAN FHIWT BY UMDYR SUMJT
'SOT M CNYAX WUHTT ANT WREAXP
XQ W KNEMPH KUMJEHU THJ,
MYJ AFOSHY AX SEH WMSHJT
XQ SEH TSOS UMDY XQHTEHMJ.

KYMBUT ROTTUH.

Parsons, Kansas. CAPT. CUTTLE.

No. 394. DIAMOND

ACROSS.—1 A letter 2 A statue in London 3. A town in Central Hungary. 4 Milder. 5. Defamed 6 Raving. 7 Preferring 8 A certain projections in cornices 9. A pet. 10 A she deer 11. A letter.

DOWN.—1 A letter. 2. An inseparable preposition 3. Fed 4. Cherishes 5 Mortised 6 The shortening of a word 7 A waxy substance 8 Capable of being cut smoothly. 9 Part of the body. 10. A piece of machinery acting as a catch. 11. A letter

New York City. MATTIE JAY.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1 The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of August 23d, were solved by A Solver Percy Vere, Peggotty Live Oak, Goose Quill, Nat Lang Alec Sander, Hannah B Gare, Theron, Effendi, Traddles, Capt. Cuttle, Maud Lynn, Lochinvar.

COMPLETE LISTS—None.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Not won.
2. A Solver - - Keeton Ohio.
3. Peggotty - Philada., Pa.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Slippery Pilum Double Acrostic, Crosswords and Cryptogram T. Pitt Diamond Effendi Three Charades Capt. Cuttle—Square and two Diamonds. Towhead—Double Acrostic. Jim Mattie—Charade and Cryptogram Sol Vere—Charade and Diamond. Ef Fem Anagram J C M Pyramid and two Charades Alec Sander Double Acrostic My Dot—Numerical, Four Crosswords, Double Acrostic and Inverted Pyramid Closer Square

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ADDRESSES WANTED—Thirsty McQuill and Sol. Vere.

A pulpit telephone has been put into a church at North Dana Mass., so as to connect with the sick room of a lady who has been an invalid for twenty five years. The first message to her from the pulpit was, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." A lecture on the telephone is to be given to defray the expense of putting in the instrument.

YOU DID NOT COME.

BY S. M.

The sun was gliding down the western sky,
The hours of day had almost reached their sum;
Who kept the tryst that was appointed? I!
You did not come!

I sat and watched the evening's closing ray;
The sunset woods were desolate and dumb;
I waited till the last faint streak of day—
You did not come!

'Twas but to give me back a flower or two—
A ring—my letters, foolish, doubtless, some—
Mere trifles! Yet I thought not so; and you—
You did not come!

The moonlight rose and spread its silver flood;
I heard the death-moth round the nightshade hum;
A chilly loneliness froze my fevered blood—
You did not come.

'Twas at the call of war that forth you went,
With blare of trumpet, and with beat of drum;
Your parting passed without a farewell sent—
You did not come!

One word upon a scrap of paper writ—
Of pitying comfort but a single crumb;
It was not much—you might have spared me it!
You did not come!

And so, until the end of all arrives,
I wander far apart—my heart is numb;
Severed for aye the course of our lives—
You did not come!

Life cannot be what it has been before;
The hours of joy have reached, alas! their sum;
The tryst you kept not can return no more—
You did not come!

PRECOCIOUS CLEVERNESS.

PRECOCIOUS cleverness is not unfrequently believed to foreshadow a career the reverse of brilliant, and is believed by many to presage an early death. But many instances may nevertheless be brought forward to prove the fallibility of an assumption so unfavorable.

Such youthful prodigies as Pope, Cowley, Campbell, Montgomery, Master Betty the young Roscius, Buxton, Bidder, and the "Learned Child of Lubeck," for instance, are doubtless familiar to our readers; but there are other examples of early development of talent that may not be so well known. Take the case of James Ferguson, the astronomer and machinist. He was a native of Banffshire, Scotland, and though only the son of a laborer, his extraordinary genius soon displayed itself. He learned to read in infancy by hearing his father teach one of his brothers; and when only eight years of age is said to have constructed a wooden clock. Employed when old enough as a farm-servant, he was sent out to tend sheep, in which humble situation he acquired a surprising knowledge of the stars. His abilities being discovered by some neighboring gentlemen, one of them took him to his house and taught him the rudiments of mathematics. He afterwards published some astronomical works and gave lectures in experimental philosophy, which met with great success.

Seldom are the indications of genius in youth so apparent as they were in the case of Theodore Hook. At seventeen he produced his first drama, "The Soldier's Return," which was speedily followed by other operatic pieces, nearly all of which were successful. These, with a host of piquant articles in the Satirist magazine and other periodicals, were struck off before his twenty-fifth year. His reputation as a man of rare accomplishments and pre-eminently convivial habits is well known to most of us.

The extraordinary precocity sometimes displayed by great musicians like Mozart may here be alluded to. Before he was eight years of age, Mendelssohn excited the wonder of his teachers by the accuracy of his ear, the strength of his memory, and above all, by his incredible facility in playing music at sight. Meyerbeer at the tender age of six played at a concert, and three years later was one of the best pianists in Berlin; while the genius of Beethoven showed itself so early that his musical education was commenced by his father, at the age of five. When two years younger than this, Samuel Wesley could play extempore music on the organ; and the distinguished German composer, Robert Schumann, also showed at a very early age a strong passion for music, and remarkable talents both for playing and composing. Though he lost the use of his right hand at the very outset of his studies, he worked on with a giant's strength, struggling against all obstacles "with uncompromising devotion to what he conceived to be the highest interests of art."

Something of the same early development of musical abilities displayed itself in the case of Cipriani Potter, distinguished as a composer and pianist; and Henrietta Sontag, a famous singer of her time, trod the boards when a child, and was prima donna of the Berlin stage and the idol of the capital before she was eighteen. The great vocalist, Madame Tietjens, is also said to have given indications of promising musical talents from earliest infancy. Before she could speak, she would hum the opening notes of Auber's opera "Fra Diavola." When a toddling child, she used to create great amusement by her efforts to sing and play, and was quite content to be allowed to wander amongst the instruments of a neighboring pianoforte manufacturer's warehouse, and make music after her own fashion—music which was recognized by one at least of those who heard it as more than the drumming of a child.

Instances of early exhibition of great mental powers amongst English speaking poets and authors are well known; but "earth's sweet singers" and writers have, in other lands, not seldom given similar evidences of precocious cleverness. Metastasio, an eminent Italian poet, when only ten years of age displayed such a talent for extemporizing in verse as to attract the notice of the celebrated Gravina, who took him under his protection. The young poet being thus placed in easy circumstances, devoted himself to his favorite study, and under the guidance of the celebrated singer, Maria Romanina (afterwards Bulgarelli), created the modern Italian opera. The most celebrated dramatic poet of Scandinavia, Adam Oehlenschlager, when quite a child evinced great skill in writing verses. Even in his ninth year he wrote short comedies for private theatricals in which the child-performers were himself, his sister, and a friend. Throughout his life he displayed strong feelings and great earnestness of purpose, which gained him universal respect while he lived, and more than regal honors at his death.

John Barretier is declared to have been master of five languages when he was only nine years of age. In his eleventh year he published a learned letter in Latin, and translated the Travels of Rabbi Benjamin from the Hebrew into the French. Four years later the fame of his learning and writings attracted the notice of the King of Prussia, who sent for him to come to court. When passing by Halle on his journey, he so distinguished himself in his conversation with the professors of the university that they offered him the degree of Doctor in Philosophy. The whole university was delighted and amazed with his wit and knowledge; and on his arrival at Berlin the King honored him with peculiar marks of distinction, declaring that such abilities properly cultivated might exalt Barretier in ten years to be the greatest minister of state in Europe. But the young philosopher was not dazzled with such prospects, and returned to Halle to pursue his studies. His health unfortunately gave way in his nineteenth year, and after lingering for eighteen months he died; another illustration of the expression "too clever to live long."

It is said that Blaise Pascal, one of the most profound thinkers and accomplished writers of France, exhibited precocious proofs of genius, especially in mathematics, from his earliest childhood. Having been purposely kept in ignorance of geometry, lest his propensity in that direction should interfere with the prosecution of other studies, his self-prompted genius discovered for itself the elementary truths of the forbidden science. When quite a boy, he was discovered by his father in the act of demonstrating on the pavement of an old hall where he used to play, and by means of a rude diagram he traced with a piece of coal, a proposition which corresponded to the thirty-second of the First Book of Euclid. At the age of sixteen he composed a tractate on conic sections, which excited great admiration. Three years later he invented his celebrated arithmetical machine; and at the age of twenty-six he had composed the greater part of his mathematical works, and made those brilliant experiments in hydrostatics and pneumatics which ranked him amongst the first natural philosophers of his time.

From such examples then, it will be seen that precocious cleverness has not in by any means every case betokened for the possessors either an unsuccessful life or an early death.

Grains of Gold.

A full stomach is deaf to instruction.

Bread and salt humble even a robber.

Make friends with a bear, but keep hold of an axe.

With a heart for any fate learn to labor and to wait.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds its brightness on everything.

He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions.

Recommend to your children virtue; that alone can make them happy—not gold.

Follow the fashion; you had better display other people's follies than your own.

Anything unjustly and violently opposed is very apt to extend and take deeper root.

Some parents seem to resent a child's audacity in thinking for itself; it wounds their vanity.

To quell the pride even of the greatest, we should reflect how much more we owe to others than to ourselves.

When there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, covering every black cloud with gorgeous hues.

Of course all persons are liable to belong to good families, but if a young man is a fool, it makes but very little difference whose son he is.

"No more" is a weeping angel; "too late" is a mocking fiend. Sorrow is the concomitant of the one, remorse that of the other.

Sleep soothes and arrests the fever pulse of the soul, and its grains are the quinine for the cold fit of hate, as well as for the hot fever of love.

The more vigorous and elevated a man is, the higher tenderness he is capable of, as on high trees the fruit rounds itself into a milder and sweeter form than on low ones.

Truth being founded on a rock, you may boldly dig to see its foundation; but falsehood being built on the sand, if you proceed to examine its foundations, you cause its fall.

Don't let your children learn good and bad things indiscriminately. The bad might be eradicated, it is true; but it is easier to sow clean seed than it is to cleanse dirty wheat.

Happiness is not found in a palace nor in a cottage, in riches nor in poverty, in learning nor in ignorance, nor in any other sphere of life; but in doing right from right motives.

The tradesman who keeps his heart in his cash box will not be long, whatever may be his intentions, ere he will find it to be corroded by unjust gains. If our heart does not sanctify our wealth, we may rest assured that the wealth we obtain will soon corrupt our affections.

Live for something nobler than the mere pleasure of the moment. That which gives us most satisfaction, in the retrospect, is some good deed that we have done. The higher our aims, the more our characters improve; and we must either advance or retrograde; nobody can stand still.

A strong moral nature can be secured only when there is symmetry in the culture of the powers, when the emotions are sufficiently awake and refined to respond readily to the finer excitants of beauty and sympathy, but not so on the alert as to lead to any other action than that which the reason dictates.

The love of truth is a bow of peace, ready for every concession that is honest, firm against every compromise that is not. It is the noblest stimulus to inquiry; ardent to seek, yet patient to examine; willing to communicate, but more willing to receive; contemptuous of petty curiosity, but passionate for knowledge.

What are called the great afflictions of life are easier to bear than the small worries; it is positively less painful to die by a sword-thrust through the heart than by innumerable flights of Lilliputian arrows lodged all over the body. Ridiculous and contemptible sorrows require a double portion of fortitude or insensibility. They have a poisonous quality which is most injurious to the best natures.

Femininities.

Miss-Construction — Whalebone, paint, powder, etc.

Girls suck their lips to make them thin—A case of sweetness long drawn in.

A married man's fate—(in brief, by a veteran bachelor.)—Hooked, booked, cooked.

Man has to go out and seek his path; woman's path usually lies close under her feet.

A Davenport lady is about to sue for a divorce on the ground that her husband "has no style about him."

Many girls have no mind to speak of, and they are continually talking about giving somebody a piece of it.

Most of their faults women owe to men, whilst they are indebted to them for most of their better qualities.

Nothing tends more to shake a man's faith in the loveliness of woman than to receive a call from a female bill collector.

In the United States there are of women in the various professions, 580 doctors, 430 dentists, sixty-eight preachers and twenty lawyers.

Some of the best dressed people are the biggest fools in the world, says a paper. Some badly dressed women find great consolation in remarks of that kind.

Do not expect more in woman than pertains to her sex, and you will find her as perfect and well suited to her sphere as the self-styled "lord of creation."

"Is it possible, Miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" "Certainly; I do not even know what my own name may be a year from now."

The lover who vows that he is willing to die for the object of his choice, means no more than the man who borrows five dollars and agrees to "drop around to-morrow."

Ermine will be used this winter in trimming bodices and the revers that adorn the turned-back sides of polonaises and robe over dresses, showing the elaborately trimmed underskirt.

A Chinese maxim says, "We require four things from woman—that virtue dwells in her heart, that modesty plays on her brow, that sweetness flows from her lips, that industry occupies her hand."

A woman raised to the third power of widowhood has the photographs of her three departed lords in a group, with a vignette of herself in the centre, and underneath is the inscription, "The Lord will provide."

Baby's christening robe is made of Valenciennes lace and embroidery, with shoulder knots and a sash of white satin ribbon. The important name is not whispered, but is engraved on a card, which the godfather presents to the clergyman.

A woman applied for a situation recently at Belfast, with her clothes dripping like a water-spout. On being questioned as to her condition, she said she understood the lady of the house wanted a wet nurse, and she had come ready for service.

At a social gathering in Ireland the conversation turned, by some accident, upon marriage. One of the girls, addressing a handsome young man, quite unconsciously, as she explained, said, "If I were you, and you me, I would have married long ago."

The way to reach a man's heart is to cater to his appetite. A girl who can claw a piano and agitate the atmosphere is a good parlor ornament, but one that can grease a griddle and turn two pancakes at a time, is the kind of a female to tie to this time of the year.

Neatness of attire should begin in the schoolroom. A young lady should dress just as carefully for school as for church or society; school is society, and to appear at school in a partial toilette is a mistake so serious as not only to warrant, but to call for corrective criticism.

"Don't you love her still?" asked the judge of a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly, I do," said he; "I love her better still than any other way; but the trouble is she will never be still." The judge, who is a married man himself, took the case under advisement.

Two young ladies who have been intimate for seven years, made a remarkable discovery the other day. A word dropped in conversation by one caused the other to remark in a surprised way: "Why, you don't mean to say you are a church member! Why, so am I!" And they shook hands warmly.

Two young women were protesting to a Hartford court their desire to reform. Their lawyer turned to them, and said in a whisper audible to a reporter: "Stop your noise, and sling in your tears." Then the prisoners lifted up a loud wail, the heart of the Justice was overcome, and he let them go.

As the happy couple were leaving the church the husband said to the partner of his wedded life: "Marriage must seem a dreadful thing to you; why, you were all of a tremble, and one could scarcely hear you say 'I will.'" "I will have more courage and say it louder next time," said the blushing bride.

As the rising sun in a serene morning, so shineth the beauty of a virtuous woman in the house. As the light upon the holy candlestick, so sparkleth female beauty combined with chastity. As the golden pillars are upon the sockets of silver, so are the fair feet of a virtuous wife in the bordering of her house.

Women have certain rights which are inalienable. Every woman has a right to be of any age she pleases; if she were to tell her real age, no one would believe her. Every woman who makes puddings has a right to believe she can make better puddings than any other woman in the world. Every woman has a right to think her child the prettiest little baby in the world; and it would be folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

"No," said sentimental Emmeline, "I would not marry Mr. Brown; when he proposed he didn't pile up the agony high enough. When I give my hand to a wooer, I want him to call upon the gods to witness his deep devotion to me. I want him to kneel at my feet, take one of my hands between both of his, and, with a look that would melt an adamantine rock to pity, to beg me to take compassion on his dreadful sufferings, and then I want him to end by swearing to blow out his brains on the spot if I did not compassionate his misery.

Laconics.

The dress circle—The belt.

A bouncing baby—A rubber doll.

A ship ruled by woman—Courtship.

A cheap country seat—a stump.

A piece congress—A quilting party.

A great deal of singing is in chanting—and a great deal is not.

Too much of a good thing, as the kitten said when it fell into the milk-pail.

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

The mosquito is poetically called "the mournful minstrel of the miasmatic marsh."

Smidgkins says: Make home happy, even if you have to stay away from it.

Tickling the earth with a hoe is discouraging when it laughs potato bugs instead of a harvest.

Three feet make a yard, very true; but two feet unmake it mighty quick, provided they are hen's feet.

We don't suppose the man lives who can tell whether Mother Eve stubbed her toe or tread on her dress when she fell.

We have received a spiritual dispatch from Diogenes. "Dear, dear!" he says, "why wasn't you around when I had that lantern!"

A poem in a rural paper begins: "'Twere better far that I had died." After perusing the effusion, candor compels us to agree with the writer.

A French widow who was bewailing the loss of her husband, suddenly hushed her sobs and drying her eyes said: "Why should I weep? I know where he spends his nights now!"

Correspondent—"Will the editor please inform me where my family can go on Sunday and be cool and comfortable without danger of being crowded?" Answer—"Go to church."

A Texas physician has announced that he has discovered that a hyperdermic injection of carbolic acid is a better antidote than whiskey for rattlesnake bites, and he is trying to work his way out of the State in disguise.

A gentleman learned in the origin of social customs was asked the meaning of casting an old shoe after a newly married couple as they start on their trip. He said: "To indicate that the chances of matrimony are very slip-per-y."

They were fishing off the coast, when the fair one of the party pointed to a sail in the distance, and asked, "George, what kind of a vessel is that?" He leaned over, stole a kiss from her lips and answered calmly, "That's a fishing-smack."

Small gentleman appears in a huge hat which engulfs him to the shoulders. His wife—"But that doesn't fit you, my love." He—"That's what I told the man, but he showed me his gold medal, the only one awarded for hats, and what could I do?"

Modern poets may well complain that all the similes have all been used up before their time. "White as snow," "white as a lily," "white as ivory," are now general property; but a Welsh poet has an entire new image; he calls the maiden of his love "white as lime!"

"Wise as a serpent" will do for a maxim, but they have killed a big black snake out in Port Jarvis, N. Y., which was curled up in a hen's nest, busily engaged in digesting a porcelain nest egg that it had swallowed nobody knows how many days before.

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och, doctor, dear, I enjoy very poor health entirely. This rumatics is very distressin', indade; when I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my toes is swilled as large as a goose hen's egg, so when I stand up I fall down immediately."

Yesterday afternoon a young gentleman came to town with a pair of oxen, and in the course of his wanderings he came across a fine hydrant that had been opened to clean out the pipes. He stared at the gushing water in dead silence for a moment, and then gave the alarm by shrieking, "Gosh a hemlock! Here's a hitchin' post sprung sleak worse than a sugar maple."

Here is the last new story about Sara Bernhardt: "Can you tell me why S. B. keeps a skeleton in her wardrobe?" asked the other day a ferocious member of the Comedie Francaise of an art critic. "Well, I don't know. Perhaps it may not be said that she keeps it in her cupboard." "No, sir,; it is only to try her dresses on it," was the charitable rejoinder.

A drunkard is staggering along the boulevards, knocking against lamp posts with great dignity and earnest, solving the problem how to be in two place on the sidewalk at once. The passers stare at him and laugh till he halts, and, with a painful effort collecting himself, says: "Galileo wash right—the earth doesh move!" and crumbles into a shapeless ruin upon the pavement.

An old farmer in England, hugely puzzled by our meteorological reports and transatlantic prophecies concerning the weather, is said to have delivered himself of the following astounding sentiment: "Well, sir, I did not mind the weather so much when it was arranged and ordered by Providence; but now that it has been handed over to them interfering Yankees, why, be hanged if I can stand it."

It will be interesting to lovers to know exactly the difference between a kiss and a treading on the toe—as to the time each demonstration takes, that is to say, in making the lady aware of it. Science has lately decided that the nervous sensation travels one hundred and ninety five feet in a second, and that a touch on the cheek, therefore, is communicated to the brain one thirtieth of a second sooner than the pressure on the toe.

A poor young man fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only wanted the parent's consent to make them happy. At length, meeting the father, he asked for the daughter's hand. "How much money can you command?" exclaimed the millionaire gruffly. "Not much," was the reply. "What are your expectations?" "Well, to tell you the truth, I 'expect,' if you refuse your consent, to run away with your daughter, and marry her without it."

TO BREAK CHILLS and eradicate Fever and Ague, try Dr. D. Jayne's Ague Mixture, if you desire a safe and permanent cure. Sold everywhere.

MY EARLY HOME.

BY HIRAM TORREY.

Alone I sit in silent thought,
While thronging visions come,
With tints of spring time colors fraught,
From far off childhood's home.

I reach across the empty space,
Through all the years gone by,
And try to touch each hand and face—
To feel their presence nigh.

And Oh! how vividly they rise,
As mem'ry calls them up;
I see the smiles—the loving eyes,
Of all the kindred group.

At home once more, a boy again,
'Mid hearts o'erfull of joy—
No cares of life, no thoughts of pain,
Our youthful sports alloy!

Our simple hearts all nature love—
The pretty birds and flowers,
The dancing brook, the shady grove,
The sunshine and the showers.

In evening time, by blazing fire,
With mirth in every heart,
Our mother dear and loving sire,
In merry plays take part.

O happy home! best boon below,
To passing pilgrims given;
First fountain spring of joy we know,
And fittest type of Heaven.

* * * * * * *

My dream is o'er—that early home
Lies mantled in past years;
Yet when my heart feels sad and lone,
When flow nobidden tears—
Then Faith unseals the gloom of night,
And points to spirit-land,
Where I shall meet, on fields of light,
That cherished household band!

DOUBTFUL HISTORY.

THE evidence on which historical statements rest is often found, on close and careful examination, to be wofully faulty. The real facts are ascertained to have been different in important particulars; or the conclusions drawn from them are greater than they can support; or no origin whatever for the statements can be traced

At Puzzuoli, in Italy, is a convent which owns a fish pond just outside the wall; and near the pond is a figure of a man who, according to legend, was struck blind while fishing there; a punishment for fishing in sacred water, or in a pond situated in consecrated ground. He was thus deprived forever of the power of seeing the fish he caught. So far good; but it has been pointed out that the idea is traceable to much earlier date, when there was certainly no convent at Puzzuoli. The Roman epigrammatist and poet Martial had long before given the self same story, but applicable to a fish pond belonging to the Emperor Domitian.

When the equestrian statue of Richard Cœur-de-Lion was set up in London one of the newspapers informed its readers that King Richard, on his death-bed commanded his attendants to lay him on the floor naked and flog him, as a wholesale discipline. They flogged him thoroughly, and then he died. A search in the old historians has failed to bring to light any other authority for this than that Richard undergoes some discipline at the hands of the clergy.

During the Tobacco Controversy in the medical journals some years ago one of the combatants declared that the great Sir Isaac Newton was a determined smoker. This set inquirers to work; and they found that the reliable biographies of the great philosopher do not support this assertion.

The story of Tell and the arrow and Washington's hatchet are now well known to have been fictions.

'Up Guards and at 'em!' Much interest attaches to the controversy whether the Duke of Wellington used these words at Waterloo. The general belief is that he did. An officer of the second brigade of Guards, writing some years afterwards his reminiscences of that eventful period, stated that the Duke at the time was not in such a spot that troops could have heard him, and that the 'Up Guards, and at 'em!' was the invention of some writer more graphic than veritable.

The French have a great tendency to cherish sayings and phrases which were uttered or are believed to have been uttered by celebrated men. This proneness is due in part to a pardonable kind of national vanity, and in part to a certain fitness in the French language to adapt itself to such. Multitudes of such examples are to be met with, are found on scrutiny to lack verification; nevertheless they live, and seem likely to live in spite of criticism.

'La France est assez riche pour payer sa gloire.' "France is rich enough to pay for her glory," is attributed to Guizot the statesman, when he signed a treaty of peace with a vanquished power without asking for a money indemnity. It has been shown however, that the phrase was put into his mouth by a French journalist—in fact a downright invention.

'La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas!' The Guard dies but does not surrender," said to have been exclaimed by General Cambronne at Waterloo has in like manner been traced to Parisian journalist.

"Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel!" "Son of St. Louis rise to heaven." The Abbe Edgeworth is said to have uttered these pious but somewhat venturesome words at the execution of the hapless Louis XVI. When questioned afterwards on the matter, however, he stated that the phrase was invented by the editor of one of the newspapers, and had not been used by him.

"Vive la Republique!" was the heroic shout of the crew of Le Vengeur, as she sank beneath the waves after a desperate hard battle. At least so the majority of Frenchmen believe. But the more sober among critics fail to find any evidence to show that the unfortunate crew said anything of the kind.

"It is wrong for a man in a high station to revenge an affront suffered when he occupied a lower step on the ladder of life." This, or something to this effect, was long attributed to Louis XIII., in reference to a wrong or an insult he had endured when Duke of Orleans. But the cruel critics have traced the magnanimous aphorism to an earlier date—the speaker being the Duke of Savoy, who prior to his ducal honors was only a Count.

"All is lost except Honor," was long believed in France to have been the sole contents of a letter in which Francis I. informed his mother of his defeat at the battle of Pavia; but when a recent examination of the king's letters was instituted, no such words were to be met with.

New Publications.

Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, autumn announcements for 1879 80, include in the line of new juvenile books: Chatterbox, Zigzag Journeys in Europe, Our Baby's Primer, The Little Tyrant, Little Jack's Adventures, Little Folk Songs, Histories for Young Folks, and many other attractive works, while among the new editions are Chimes for Childhood, Pleasant Pages and Bible Pictures, Chats with the Little Ones, and other popular publications. Their illustrated and miscellaneous books embrace The World's Worship in Stone, Temple, Cathedral, and Mosque, Selected Pictures from Great Artists, The Ferns of North America, Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science, The Home Book of Poetry, etc., and in the list of new subscription publications are the American Art Review, The Wild Flowers of America, The Dictionary of Commerce, Manufactures, Rawlinson's History, and others.

"Mr. Phillip's Goneness, The Story of a Wedded Love," is a new work by the famous Bailey, the Danbury *News* man. It is something of a departure from his usual style, although retaining in a large measure many of the qualities that have secured his renown. In his preface, the author states the story is not designed to excite but to improve. It accomplishes both of these results, however, for it opens in a very interesting manner and sustains the attention to the end. The fact that in some respects it differs from the generality of novels is only so much in its favor. The reader who takes it up will hardly leave it down without a thorough and delighted perusal. Lea & Shepard, Boston, Publishers. In stout paper back, price 50 cents.

"A Tight Squeeze," is the title of a new book purporting to be the adventures of a gentleman who on a wager of ten thousand dollars undertook to go from New York to New Orleans in three weeks without money as a professional tramp. Whether the record of actual facts or not, it contains a great deal of information concerning the much mooted tramp question, and is very interesting. Points are given that have never before been treated of, and altogether the work is unique in our literature. It is written in a lively, taking style and enchains the interest as a novel apart from other considerations. Published by Lea & Shepard, Boston; in cloth, $1 00; paper, 50 cents.

MAGAZINES.

Harper's Magazine for October is fully up to the standard with regard to both literary and pictorial contents. As evidence that there is much that is novel, instructive and entertaining still in our own land is shown by Mr. Frank H. Taylor, who has contributed a very pleasing illustrated article entitled "Through Texas." The article on "Painted Glass" is also illustrated, and while not altogether exhaustive contains much that is new and interesting. Colonel Waring has a somewhat familiar but still not wholly threadbare subject in the Italian lakes, and his "On the Skirt of the Alps," with which the number opens, is good reading. Mr. Benjamin concludes his "Fifty Years of American Art," which both in text and illustrations has proven one of the most pleasing series ever published in the magazine. The three serials are very good, and the poetry and short stories with the various departments everything that could be desired in point of value and interest.

The Princeton Review now in its fifty-fifth year is still among the leaders of the more thoughtful magazines of the world. The issue for September is replete with timely and valuable articles, among which may be mentioned "Progress of Christianity in the United States," "The Philosophic Movement in Italy," "Palmyra in its Historic Relations," "Religion and Morality," "The Problem of the Human Will," "The Laws of War in Their Bearing on Peace," "Secularized Education," and others. The writers include the most prominent of native and foreign college professors, and the articles are in all cases important contributions to the advanced thought of the day. 37 Park Row, New York. Price, two dollars a year.

Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., announce that they will shortly enlarge their splendid Magazine of Art without increasing the price. Further particulars will shortly be given.

The number of The Nursery for October is no better than usual, for the simple reason that it cannot be. No publication printed is more adapted to the wants of younger children than this. In matter and illustrations it is beyond all praise, everything is fresh, interesting and attractive. Parents desiring to see something in the hands of their children that will both improve and amuse should get this monthly. J. H. Shorey, Boston, is publisher. Price, $1.50 per year.

Lippincott's Magazine for October opens with a very bright and amusing illustrated article by Margaret Bertha Wright, depicting the rambles and experiences of a party of American artists in Italy. The fourth chapter of Dr. Oswald's splendid Summerland Sketches treats of The Western Sierras, and is equal to the former both in narrative and the beauty of the illustrations. A third illustrated article is Chamois Shooting with the Emperor of Austria: Sunday in England is the production of an English writer, who treats his subject with a thorough knowledge. William L. Stone, relates the biography of Lady Harriet Acland, one most prominent in the annals of conjugal devotion. Edward C. Bruce writes instructively on American Landscape Gardening. H M. Kennedy gives an interesting account of The Study of English in Germany, and Mrs E B Duffey describes The Buried Wealth of South Jersey. Through Winding Ways, which is a most attractive serial is concluded in this number, and there are several short stories suited to different tastes. The Monthly Gossip is entertaining as usual, and the number on the whole is thoroughly readable and entertaining.

Wide Awake for October contains many interesting articles, including a true story on Hunting Deer, Philadelphia Reform School, a capital story about Polly's Temptation, and Trotting Song—all these are finely illustrated. Two other full-page illustrated poems are S C. Stone's How they Received the King, and The Weed's Mission, by Margaret Eytinge. Nip and Tuck is a very funny story, How the Penny Family Lived, is a capital true sketch, by Amanda B. Harris, of a family that reside in a rail car the year round. The Boy that would Climb Trees, by Janet Carruthers, is another good short story. In St Olave's the story has reached an exciting climax, while in the Dogberry Bunch part of that interesting family are in noisy Chicago. There is also a nice pictorial story for little folks about Fred's Pet; an article about Dr. Johnson and his Times, and a glimpse in Belgium by Mrs. Alfred Macy, while Don Quixote, Jr., meets with an Indian Fighter and Big Story Teller. $3 00 a year. D. Lathrop & Co., publishers.

The October Scribner opens with an important paper on Ups and Downs in Leadville, by Ernest Ingersoll, with numerous illustrations by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote and J. Harrison Mills. Another seasonable paper deals with Field Sports in Minnesota, and is written by Charles A. Zimmerman, a noted sportsman of St. Paul. Under the title of Edison's System of Fast Telegraphy, Edwin M. Fox describes the automatic telegraph which was in operation for a year between New York and Washington. The subject of the fifth paper in the Brazil series is Rio de Janeiro. Miss Kate Field has a sketch of Arthur Sullivan, the composer. These with other articles are splendidly illustrated. The unillustrated material comprises a suggestive paper by John Arbuckle, entitled Journalism; English Spelling and Spelling Reform, A Sailor in the Cotton Fleet, a full instalment of Henry James's Confidence, and the conclusion of Haworth's, which now gives way to Mr. Cable's novel of Creole life. The Grandissimes; two notable short stories, one of Roman life by Mr. Bovesen, entitled Annunciata, and the other a vigorous dialect sketch by William Hawley Smith, entitled Dick. There are also poems by Irwin Russell, A. B Boyle, John Vance Cheney and William M. Briggs. The departments are also well-filled with fresh and interesting matter.

The October number of St. Nicholas closes the sixth volume of the magazine with an array of features hard to match in interest for the little folks. Louisa M. Alcott contributes the opening story entitled Jimmy's Cruise in the Pinafore. The Elevated Railroads of New York are described in a long article. Noah's Ark Ashore, is the title of another descriptive article which will be eagerly read by every boy and girl. Besides these there is a timely little paper telling all about the strange doings and mysteries of Halloween, and illustrated with a lovely frontispiece, while a very Curious Monastery is shown in a full-page picture, and a fascinating School in the Woods is described by Maurice Thompson, the literary archer. Of stories and poetry there is a capital budget, beginning with the two serials Ereabright and A Jolly Fellowship, and many others. The illustrations are magnificent and many.

Parties wishing to operate in Stocks in large or small amounts, will find a safe and profitable method through the undersigned. Explanations and financial paper, market reports, etc., free on application. SMALLEY & GALE, Stock Brokers, 35 Broadway, N. Y.

Bishop Tuigg says that there shall be no more marriages after 5 30 p. m., in the Pittsburg Cathedral. The clergy have for a long time attempted to restrain the bad conduct of the crowds who gather about the building at night on the occasion of marriage ceremonies, and in their determination to get rid of the noise and tumult incident to these gatherings, the Bishop will not from this time forward permit the sacrament to be administered after night.

An amateur band made the music for a Sunday School festival at Russellville, Ohio. One member was led away from his duty as drummer by a girl who sold ice cream, and when the leader called him to play, he disobediently remained with her and the refreshment. The exasperated leader seized the drummer by the collar and dragged him to the music stand. Then the drummer drew a pistol and shot the other dead.

The city of Providence began, a year and a half ago, to dispense its charity on a new plan. Helpless paupers were kept in an almshouse, or aided at home, as before; but all able-bodied applicants for food or lodgings were put at work in a wood-yard at fifty cents a day. Unworthy families, who had been assisted for years, dropped out of the Charity Commissioner's sight, while begging decreased greatly.

Miss Kate Seymour says that Mr. Arthur Seymour Sullivan was born both clever and lucky; and she adds that it is probably because of his genial and extravagant grandfather's existence that "Pinafore" was written. For this gentleman, and Irish squire, spent his patrimony in riotous living, and his son Thomas found that he must work or starve. He was very fond of music, and so adopted as a profession the art he loved.

Peter Bain, of Bourgeval, France, gained the consent of his sweetheart to marry, and started for home, singing joyously as he went. The girl listened to his voice as he crossed a field, and noticed that it stopped suddenly in the middle of the song. This odd breaking off excited her wonder. She went to learn the cause, and found her lover murdered. A rival had overheard him, followed him and struck him down from behind.

At Dunopolis, Ala., alarm was created by the mysterious ringing of a door bell. Investigation revealed that a snake crawled over the wire and caused the trouble.

News Notes.

Beds of peat have been found in Marshall county, Minn.

A tremendous rent is visible in Jupiter's chaotic surface.

Mr. Bennett provided his polar ship with twenty-five bicyles.

Two horses in Salina, Kansas, have died from eating new corn.

Cider apples left on the trees till late in October are best flavored.

A Franklin, N. C., sheep fell 70 feet down a mica mine and only skinned its chin.

Handsome sapphires and Oriental amethysts are found in Jackson county, N. C.

A Prescott, Ark., girl recently cowhided her lover's father for saying she had been too intimate with his son.

The Massachusetts fat men had their annual clam bake a short time ago. Their heavy man weighed 385 pounds.

A negro at Murfresboro, Tenn., aged 103, has just married his seventh wife, who is 32. The old man has 27 children.

The Albany Capitol was finished some time ago, but 350 workmen linger around to give it a touch here and there.

It is said by a London correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* that cigarettes are in common use by English ladies.

A girl only 11 years old was married in Colchester, Vt., last year, and now has deserted her husband, taking her infant along.

The caterpillars on an ample branch were counted by a Lancaster citizen, and found to number 350. The branch was eighteen inches long.

Hon. Alexander H Stephens has been a member of the Presbyterian Church since his youth, and says he has tried to live so that they would never have occasion to turn him out.

Two Indians from Hampton are to serve as teachers for the 250 young Indian pupils whom Captain H. C. Pratt is collecting in the Indian country for the new industrial school at Carlisle, Penn.

Mr. Asa Payne of Scott county, Ky., the son of General Payne, of the War of 1812, is said to be the oldest living graduate of West Point. He is 81 years old, and was a member of the first class.

Albert Hall could not pay his bill at the Palmer House, Chicago. The cashier imprisoned him in the porter's room for seven hours, and finally took away his coat and hat. He has sued for $5,000 damages.

A Portland, Me., lady recently contrived a simple improvement to the sewing machine, which most of the companies have adopted, and the lady receives in royalties about ten thousand dollars as the result of her "happy thought."

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague is at her home, Edgewood, about three miles from Washington, and it is understood will hereafter remain there, not going to Europe, as has been said. Since her departure from Canonchet she has been constantly with personal friends.

Mr Hutemyer, station agent on the Erie Railroad, at Ridgewood, N. J., saw two boys place two large boxes on the track on Friday morning of last week, and then run away. He removed the boxes only five seconds before the Erie day express came along. They contained large cobble stones.

That low, nervous fever, want of sleep and weakness calls for Hop Bitters.

Mrs. Jane Y. Christmas only daughter of the celebrated Mrs Myra Clark Gaines, of New Orleans, died last week at Warrenton, N. C., of yellow fever. She came from New Orleans about two weeks ago, and brought the disease with her. She leaves three children. Mrs. Gaines was with her.

An American millionaire, now sojourning in Rome, has asked permission of the authorities to have an exact duplicate of St. Peter's statue made. A molder is already engaged to take its cast, and a bronze founder is afterward to execute it. It will cost several hundred thousand good dollars before it finally reaches America.

The Influence of Climate.

The influence of climate upon a constitution subjected to a trying change in atmospheric conditions, in water, and in food, is often marked and disastrous. Disorders of the bowels and of the liver, frequently terminating fatally, are prone to attack the tourist by land or voyager by sea in unaccustomed latitudes—more particularly those near the equator. The best medicinal protection against irregularities of the bowels, stomach and liver, not only from the above, but whatever cause arising, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine in wide and increasing demand in sultry portions of this hemisphere, and also in the tropics. Travelers, emigrants, dwellers and temporary sojourners in malarious districts use it very extensively as a safe-guard.

Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime—The great popularity of this safe and efficacious preparation is alone attributable to its intrinsic worth. In the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Scrofulous Humors, and all Consumptive Symptoms, it has no superior, if equal. Let no one neglect the early symptoms of disease, when an agent is at hand which will cure all complaints of the Chest, Lungs, or Throat. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH.—The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation. 300 pages. Price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

We have examined a sample of the "Common Sense Hair Crimper, Frizzer and Curler," advertised in another column, and we unhesitatingly advise our lady readers to give them a trial, as they seem to be all that the advertiser claims for them.

Sour stomach, bad breath, indigestion and headache easily cured by Hop Bitters.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS,
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

OVARIAN TUMOR

OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
—BY—
DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York.

[Copyright.]

HOW TO MAKE LACE

ROYAL, PRINCESS, HONITON AND POINT.
Illustrations and a handsome Pattern on LINEN with plain directions How to clean LACE 50c., Mailed Free, including samples of Braids and Illustrated Catalogues. MME. GURNEY & CO., 425 Broadway, N. Y. LACE and LACE PATTERN manufacturers of REAL LINEN BRAIDS, etc.

LACE PATTERNS.

Illustrated Book of Designs of over 200 Collars, Cuffs Necktie Fichus, etc., and Gigantic Supplement, 25c. MME. GURNEY & Co. New York.

ARRASENE.

A new and beautiful material for Artistic Embroidery. The first importation into this country just received by us. As Sole Agents for the Manufacturers and Patentees. Floral Mats already worked, (as sample) 25c. Instruction Book 25c. MME. GURNEY & CO., New York and Brooklyn.

Pierce's Union Business College,
29 SOUTH TENTH ST., PHILA., PA.
Increased facilities this year for imparting a thorough Business Education, with a wider range of studies than ever before. An Academical Department, furnishing an opportunity to obtain a substantial English education.
THOMAS MAY PIERCE, M. A., Principal,
REV. JOHN THOMPSON, Business Manager.
Circulars and catalogues free to those who call or write for them.

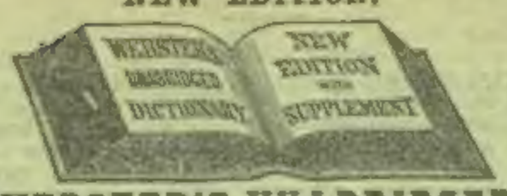
NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.
Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall st. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall st. N. Y.

PIANOS Stool, Cover & book only $141.75. Organs 11 Stops 3 set reeds Stool, Book only $68. Paper free. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

NEW EDITION.



WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.

1928 Pages. 3000 Engravings.
Four Pages Colored Plates.
Now added a SUPPLEMENT of over

4600 New Words & Meanings,

including such as have come into use during the past fifteen years—many of which have never before found a place in any English dictionary;

ALSO ADDED A NEW
Biographical Dictionary
of over 9700 NAMES

of Noted Persons, ancient and modern, including many now living, giving Name, Pronunciation, Nationality, Profession and Date of each.

Published by G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Ms
ALSO
Websters National Pictorial Dictionary,
1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings.

THE SOLARGRAPH

WATCH Only $1

A perfect Time-Keeper, Hunting-Case and Heavy Plated Chain, latest style. We warrant it for 5 years to denote time as correctly as a $150 Chronometer Watch, and will give the correct time to any part of the world. Besides, it also contains a First-Class Compass, which is alone worth the price we charge for the complete. For Men, Boys, School-Teachers, Travelers, Mechanics, and Farmers, it is indispensable. They are as good as a high priced watch and in many cases more reliable. Just think of it! A Hunting Case Watch and Chain for $1.00! The Solargraph Watch is used by the Principal of the Charlestown High School, and is being fast introduced into all the schools throughout the United States, and is destined to become the most useful Time-Keeper ever invented. The Solargraph Watch received a Medal at the Mechanics' Fair, Boston, in 1878. This is no toy, but is made on scientific principles, and every one is warranted to be accurate and reliable. We have made the price very low simply to introduce them at once, after which the price will be raised. The Solargraph Watch and Chain is put up in a neat outside case, and sent to any address for $1.00. We have made the price so low, please send two stamps, if convenient, to help pay postage. This offer is good for sixty days only, and will appear but once. But two watches sent to one person. Name this paper.

F. G. RENIS & CO., 194 Clark Street, Chicago.

THE GREAT DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.
GOODS MAILED
To every State and Territory just as ordered, and even then, if not as expected, exchanged or the money refunded.
For samples or prices specify on postal card what is desired, and address,
Mail Department for Samples and Supplies,
Grand Depot, Philadelphia.
JOHN WANAMAKER
PLEASE STATE THE PAPER YOU SAW THIS IN.

Asthma, Hay Fever.

CATARRH &c., permanently relieved and effectually cured by the use of "The Scottish Thistle Medicinal Fumers." Having cured myself of a case of asthma of 15 years standing, I can guarantee the results from the use of my remedy. A child can use these Fumers, as they do not have to be smoked. You need not suffer one hour after using my remedy. Home testimonials furnished upon application. Box of Fumers and directions for use sent upon receipt of $1.00. One box will cure the worst case. Address James F. Morrison, Bellaire, O. Agents Wanted.

THE TAMPICO BUSTS

now worn in
DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET
and Skirt Supporter are the greatest improvement ever made in Corsets. They are soft as velvet, very flexible and contain no bones.
The FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,
(120 bones) fits with perfect ease and is guaranteed not to break over the hips.
Price, - - - $1.25.
For Sale by leading Merchants.
WARNER BRO'S,
351 Broadway, New York.

PATENTS

DESIGNS, TRADE MARKS, LABELS, CAVEATS, and advice how to secure them promptly, and at lowest cost, given by S. H. WALES & SON, Editors of the "SCIENTIFIC NEWS," No. 10 Spruce St., New York, who have had twenty-four years experience in the business.

"Scientific News," just the paper for Mechanics, Inventors and readers of Popular Science. ONLY $1 A YEAR. Sample copies and pamphlet to Inventors sent free.

Gold Watches Given Away.

$500,000 worth of solid Gold and Silver Watches, Silverware, Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Fireworks, Musical, Alarm Clocks, and Jewelry, besides an immense amount of other valuable goods, just for doing us a little favor, which every man, woman, boy or girl can easily do. No money required. All the elegant and costly articles to be given away are fully described and illustrated by engravings, in a book entitled "THE GOLDEN PRIZE," which we will send gratis, and free of postage, to any one in the United States and Canada. Address F. Gleason & Co. 46 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES,
of EVERY KIND, only 30c. per doz. (Singer's, 2 doz. for 50c.) Sent post paid. Stamps taken.
Address J. F. FONDEN,
172 FOURTH Street,
Louisville, Ky.

60 Lily, Floral, Enamel, Gilt Scroll, motto, marble card, no 2 alike, name on (new) Wilmark, Northford Ct.

60 [illegible]

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards with name, 10c. [illegible]

20 New Styles Chromo Cards 10c., or 25 new styles mixed 10c. postpaid. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

American Fruit-Preserving Powder

AND LIQUID is the Cheapest, Most Reliable, and Best-Known Method of preserving all kinds of FRUITS, TOMATOES, Etc., STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, and all high-colored Fruits retain their rich color as well as flavor. One ounce of it (costing 3 cents) is equal to 6 lbs. of sugar in preserving properly.
Established over ten years, and endorsed by thousands upon thousands of families. One trial will establish the fact that the AMERICAN FRUIT-PRESERVING POWDER and LIQUID will effectually prevent fermentation and preserve all kinds of FRUITS, TOMATOES, Etc., and keep them the year round, or for years, in jars of any kind or size, or in wooden kegs and barrels, WITHOUT SEALING AIR-TIGHT. Simply corked or tied down with a strong paper is all that is needed.
The Fruit will keep WITHOUT SUGAR, or any quantity of sugar may be added as desired.
WARRANTED TO BE AS HEALTHFUL AS TABLE SALT.
The Fruit, etc., may be cooked little or much, as desired. They will keep without any cooking, or they may be cooked down into sauce. The method is simple and easy. None can fail if the Powder and Liquid is added into the Fruit, etc., in quantity as directed.
One package will preserve 25 pounds of Fruit, Tomatoes etc. Price ONE DOLLAR per package
Give it a trial. If you cannot get it from your Druggist or Grocer, I will send it prepaid to any express office in the United States east of the Mississippi River, upon receipt of the price; or west of the Mississippi River and east of the Rocky Mountains for $1.25 per package.
LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. Address

L. P. WORRALL, No. 24 Liberty Street, N. Y.

NOTE THIS!

THE
TRIBUNE and FARMER

secured 25,000 new subscribers since July 1st., and is offered FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY, as an experiment, every week for TWO MONTHS, on trial for only

10 CENTS.

(REGULAR PRICE, $1 PER YEAR.)
ITS FEATURES ARE PECULIAR AND UNEQUALLED
CONTAINS EACH WEEK
4 SPLENDID STORIES,
COMPLETE. NO CONTINUED SENSATIONAL MATTER ADMITTED TO OUR COLUMNS.
FULL OF SHORT ANECDOTES.
LADIES DEPARTMENT, YOUTH'S COLUMN, ALL THE NEWS, and positively the VERY BEST AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT to be found in any weekly in the United States.
Address
TRIBUNE AND FARMER,
FIFTH AND CHESTNUT STS.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CURE BY ABSORPTION!

"SAPANULE"

The Great External Remedy!

For Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, Chilblains, Bunions, Corns, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Lame Back, Bites of Insects, relieves and cures Poison, and all skin diseases. Used in bathing a sure preventive of fevers and contagious diseases.

Sold by all Druggists.
50c. and $1.00 per Bottle.

SAMUEL GERRY & CO., Prop'rs. Office, 287 B'way
LAZELL, MARSH & GARDINER, Wholesale Agents, New York.

Just the Thing to Please the Children

80 ASSORTED PICTURE CARDS

For 25 Cts.

Send 25 cts. to JNO. A. HADDOCK, 713 CHESTNUT St., PHILADELPHIA, PA., and you will receive by return mail, postage paid, a neat paper case containing EIGHTY BEAUTIFUL PICTURE CARDS.
Try it.
Reference—The Editor of this Paper.

New Mexico.

Parties having LAND CLAIMS or LANDS in this Territory

Who DESIRE TO SELL, Send Full Particulars, Synopsis of Title and Map of same to

J. WISE NORTON,
P. O. Box 1879, Philadelphia, Pa.

Send for Circulars. E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED In every County to Canvass for our STAPLE HARDWARE SPECIALTIES. They sell in every family. Live Canvassers clear $5 to $10 per day. Circulars and terms to Agents. LIVINGSTON & Co., Iron Founders, Pittsburgh, Pa.

EVERY LADY IN THE LAND SHOULD USE

THE COMMON-SENSE

Hair Crimper, Curler, AND FRIZZER,

It recommends itself by its Low Price, Durability, Beauty, Neatness and Comfort. Don't make yourself hideous with scraps of curl papers, mutilate your fair head or unsightly iron crimpers which break and destroy the hair—woman's glory—when you can for a trifle secure the incomparable COMMON SENSE HAIR CRIMPER, FRIZZER AND CURLER.
One dozen sent to any address postpaid on receipt of price 25 Cents, in currency or postage stamps.

J. D. MILNOR & CO.,
Lock Box 8, Philadelphia, Pa.
AGENTS WANTED

The Garratt Electric Disk and Belt

Very highly recommended by first-class Physicians for the relief and cure of nervous and chronic ailments, such as Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica &c. This is the only effectual dry battery for wearing on the body or limbs known to the healing art, for short or prolonged applications of primary medical electricity. It is perfect and self acting (without shock). It is durable and easy to wear and perfectly safe in all cases, specially adapted for delicate ladies. Used simply as a pad next the skin. Small disk for children for headache, &c., $1. Large or circle disk $2.50. Long Belt $3.50 & $5. For sale by Druggists and surgical Instrument makers. Manufactured by Electric Disk and Belt Co., D. J. McFarlane, Manager, No 7, Exchange Place, Boston.

FREE GIFT! TO ALL

who suffer with RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS and SEXUAL DEBILITY, GENERAL ILL HEALTH, Wasting, Decay, URINARY DISEASES, SPINAL DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, Etc., Etc., to whom will be sent my Book on Medical Electricity, and Electro Galvanic Belts, world renowned for their success in saving many valuable lives, by CURING ALL CHRONIC DISEASES. Send Symptoms and Stamp for Diagnosis to
DR. G. W. FORBES,
174 W. FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

$1 SWISS ORGAN $1

Known as the TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX. We will send to every reader of this paper the TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX, 8 tunes, as follows: "Home Sweet Home," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Tommy, make room for Your Uncle," "Baby Mine," "Hail the Fort," "The Blue Danube Waltz," "Dreaming near the Moonlight," "All among the Hay Boys." We will send the Tyrolean Music Box by mail on receipt of $1; 3 boxes for $2. SCOTT & SON, 21 Park Row, N. Y.

DON'T FAIL

to send stamp for the Largest, Handsomest and most complete Catalogue of **TYPE, PRESSES, CUTS,** &c., published.
LOWEST PRICES. LARGEST VARIETY.
NATIONAL TYPE CO. 58 South Third St., PHILADELPHIA.

READ and PROFIT | **A Word to the Wise** IS SUFFICIENT. **Allen's Lung Balsam**

Is Warranted to Break up the Most Troublesome Cough or Cold in an incredibly short time. Physicians Recommend it. Try it. Sold by Druggists.

JAMES H. BUNN.
Wall Paper & Window Shade Depot,
TWENTY-SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS.,
PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Orders by Mail and Decorative Work promptly attended to, in person.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy. Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free.

OPIUM Habit cured at Home. No publicity. Cure painless. Terms reasonable. Time short. Tenth year of unparalleled success. 1 000 testimonials. State your case and address
DR. F. E. MARSH,
Quincy, Mich.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

LARGE and small bonnets—the first very large, and the second very small, are seen among the new importations of millinery goods. The large bonnets are either pokes with close sides, directoire bonnets with square crowns and flaring brims, or Rabagas bonnets that frame the face like a halo. The small bonnets are close cottage shapes, or are square crowns and almost brimless, such as have been worn at Saratoga and Newport during the summer, and the favorite Carmen bonnet with greater breadth in the back. Other shapes serve as either a round hat or a bonnet, and English turbans, Derbies, and large Tyrolean hats are all among the new shapes. The Gainsboroughs and other fanciful, picturesque shapes are not by any means discarded.

All these shapes are brought out in smooth soft felt, silk plush, and fur beavers, with pile an inch long. Sometimes the crown of the hat will be of silk, and the brim of beaver, or the reverse, and sometimes felt brims are given fur or silk crowns, or felt crowns are seen with plush or beaver brims. The feather felts which were introduced last season, appear again this season in great numbers, and in the delicate ecru and biege tints and cream and pearl white, which show that they will be used for the richest full-dress occasions.

The felts, beavers, and plushes come in the same variety of colors and tints this season that they did last, or even greater. The new tints of cloth shades that are seen in the dress goods appear in the bonnets and hats, showing plainly that costumes will require a hat or bonnet to match this winter, and at least an attempt will be made to revive that fashion. For the new shades, colors found in felts and other millinery goods, new names are given. Rembrandt is a new name for a dark bluish shade of peacock green. A new red with a dash of purple in it is Amaranth, and the old Egyptian or Pompeiian reds are now vieux rouge. Japoniers or green blue, Douariere and duck's-breast blue, canaque, and the most fashionable shade of plum brown, Burgoyne, are all found in the hats and bonnets. Old gold is as fashionable as ever, and the ciel blues and rose pinks, the beige tints with cream, ivory, and wax white, are all in demand equal to the supply.

Fancy feathers will be used to excess again in trimming bonnets and hats. Whole and half birds, tails, wings, pompons, and feather fringes and ruches are all seen in the millinery stores. Long gray ostrich plumes of the natural color are also to be revived, and tips, demi-long and Mercutio, and willow plumes, are all to be worn.

One of the prettiest creations this year has a smooth crown of duck's-breast royal velvet, encircled by a folded band of silk of a lighter tint, arranged in a crushed bow just above the brim; two birds, whose plumage almost matches the velvet, but which have blue breasts, cling to the left side of this bonnet, and an ostrich feather, shaded from dark to light red, furnishes the needed bit of contrasting color. The strings are of silk doubled and blind-stitched together into something that looks so much like a sash that any little girl who appropriates them to beautify her own gown may be sure of the hearty sympathy of her father, no matter what her mother may say.

Another bonnet, a black velvet from Magnier, is principally remarkable for its strings, which are of the new satin sublime, are of the most brilliant scarlet, and have pearled edges. Strings like these would call attention to any bonnet even without the band of ostrich plumage laid around the brim, and the Prince of Wales plume above it. A black velvet hat with its curving brim looped up on the left side by a folded entanglement of black satin, in the midst of which sparkles a jet fan-shaped ornament, is bound with jet lace, and has no bright color about it except that contained in a dark blue and green feather ornament on which are traced five rays of the most vivid golden hue. These rays cannot be seen in some lights, but in others they glitter like burning metal, and outshine even the parrots that are perched on some hat brims.

There are some very small bonnets in close shapes, and among these the prettiest is a pale gray felt trimmed with satin antique of the same color and with silk. The former material is laid in a smooth fold on the left side of the bonnet, the latter is knotted on the right, and in front the head and wings of a golden pheasant are placed. Two birds with plumage in which olive is brightened by dashes of white, are used to brighten another black velvet bonnet having a scoop-shaped front and with no lace trimming, unlike most of the other bonnets. A feather drops slightly over the brim, a plaiting of satin lurks over it, or jet glitters on its edge; but the brim of the bonnet for the coming winter will seldom be quite plain, judging by these forerunners of it.

There seems to be an almost endless number of fancy woolen stuffs. The most of these are damasse manufactures, on a glace or satin-faced ground. The figures are generally small, developing in bright soft colors, palm, leaf and blossom patterns, with an occasional Grecian and Arabesque pattern. The same colors, commingling of colors and patterns, are seen in raw silk stuffs, and in stuffs in which silk and wool are both used. Varying the sprigged, leaf, palm, and blossom patterns are damasks in the Pompadour floral stripes—called Pompadour pekins; and while the prevailing fancy will evidently be for broche figured stuffs, the pekins will scarcely be entirely discarded, for another season at least.

Black silk costumes have the front breadths made of horizontal puffs of satin, or else plain satin tablliers are laid on nearly covered with jet, and are opened over satin pleatings in fan shapes. Others have very short wrinkled aprons, caught up shorter in the middle than on the sides, and edged with the richest fringe of ravelled silk and jet drops. Below this is knife pleated flounces, or puffs, or lengthwise shirring, until the border flounce is set on, which is now usually a cluster of three or four rows of fine knife-pleatings. Rosettes of crushed looking silk, rather than regular loops, are much used on black silk dresses for holding the drapery on the sides and behind. There are also passementerie ornaments for this purpose. Handsome black silk dresses that have a great deal of velvet in them will be trimmed with borders of black fur.

In some of the new overdresses the short round full panier front is set on in one piece just at the ends of the darts, as if attached to a basque, and is then gathered into the curved side seams. This suggests a good plan of modernizing old dresses, as this panier piece need not be of the same material as the waist, nor indeed of the same color, for the broche goods used in combinations are usually of contrasting colors.

Basques are very much trimmed around the hips to give panier effects. Dark wool dresses have bias silk pieces about three fingers broad put in full irregular gathers on the basque below the waist, forming folds that pass around the hips, and are held in place by lengthwise strans of the wool goods. Shirred surplice pieces are still more used than any other trimming for the front of the basque. These now begin with a narrow frill of the silk doubled at the end, and sewed quite deep down the shoulder seam, beginning just below the collar; they are then shirred in six or eight different places across the trimming.

The overdress promising to be the most popular, because it is susceptible of the greatest number of arrangements, is the Marie Antoinette. The back is like that of a princesse polonaise, quite long, and draped simply or elaborately, as the wearer chooses. The back proper consists of but two pieces, viz., the two middle forms, which are now cut very wide at the waist-line, and very short on the shoulder; they join the side form, or else the extended front in the arm-hole, and the effect is very similar to that known as the French back. Sometimes additional fullness for the skirt is added at the waist-line, and pressed in flat seams in the pleats; in other cases the fulness is added several inches below the waist-line, as the Marguerite polonaise. Usually the ends of the back are left square-cornered, and are piped down each side and across the bottom. They are then very lightly draped by one deep pleat quite high on each side, while a pleat much lower down catches up the middle. The fronts of this garment are not cut very long to begin with, and are then generally shortened by being caught up in fine pleats on the back and sewed underneath the piped sides of the back, making fewer seams than were formerly seen in such garments.

As "point d'esprit" is only suitable for trimming and fichus to be worn over light materials, Bretonne lace, which is very durable, continues to be used for trimming silk and woolen suits. This lace consists of bands of strong tulle worked by hand with flat thread in light and simple designs. This lace is made in imitation of the old-fashioned flat malines lace, which was very expensive. The same designs are worked only in much larger figures. Fichus and plastrons are cut of the tulle and then worked in this manner. As it is most likely that a great deal of white will be used for waist trimmings this Winter, many ladies can work these bands during the Autumn months.

Vests are made rather smaller than they have been, and many are no more than a narrow trimming down the front of the waist. A new material, called "cachemire turc," is now much in favor. It is a silk goods, heavy, and soft, and is made in all the rich and varied shades of India shawls, worked in odd, Turkish designs. Some of the groundings of these are principally of red, green, or turquoise blue. Casaquins are made of this fabric. They are very tight-fitting, and rather long, and are made without any trimming, not even galloon. The material is so rich and handsome that it requires no trimming. The casaquins are made either closing in the neck, by means of very handsome buttons, or open like a paletot, with revers. From under the revers comes a full white lace or plaited point d'esprit trimming.

A word now on the neck bows which accompany every dress. There is the "Marquis" bow of Indian muslin and Mechlin lace, which is very soft and cloudy-looking. The "Directaire" bow, with a treble jabot of Bretonne lace, and which is worn a little on one side, as if it were escaping from the buttons of a "Directoire" coat, or a "Barras" bodice. The "Pompadour" bow is of flowered cambric like the dress with which it is to be worn. It is made of a square handkerchief, tied together in imitation of butterfly wings. All bows are pinned to the front of the dress with pins, precisely like those worn by gentlemen in their cravats.

For open square bodies, there are under chemisettes, or plastrons of point d'esprit, composed of puffs and insertion; or the puffs may be of plain tulle and the insertion of Bretonne lace.

Chemises are made with plastrons and bibs of Valenciennes lace and embroidery. An embroidered bib is edged round the top with Valenciennes lace; but when the chemise is not embroidered, the bib itself is of Valenciennes lace and this is even prettier than embroidery.

Fireside Chat.

HOME DECORATION.

CHARMING additions can be made to the decoration of one's home by the aid of a few inexpensive articles we can pick up at any of the Japanese stores! For instance, take some of those paper fans which open and close so neatly, and of such brilliant yet well harmonized tints; a few of them tacked up against a blank wall or on a frieze at once give style to the plainest room. They can be nailed closer together, and, as when spread to the fullest extent, they form a semi-circle, so they can be arranged two by two to form a complete circle, or alternately to form a scalloped border. Almost endless combinations can be made with them, and the best way to realize the fact is to cut out a few discs in paper, bisect them, and arrange them on a table. The fans, too, which do not close—those with the short stiff handles—can be used in a variety of ways either alone or combined with those previously mentioned. These vary in size. The latest imported have small bodies and long slender handles; it is easy to see how prettily these can be worked in to lighten the pattern, which, made only with the short in Japan, they never look so well as the real fan, for after all, they are only imitations. A wall pocket can be made with one of these folding fans; the effect is often very good. A piece of stout colored card-board of thin wood is cut in the form of a segment of a circle of a radius equal to that of the fan, the width of this piece depending on the distance the pocket is to stand out from the wall. The fan is then tacked, with the centre corresponding to the centre of the board and the two outside sticks on the outside of the segment, which naturally forms the back of the pocket resting against the wall. A few autumn leaves, a spray of long grass with a "cats'-tail" or two starling out of one of these ornaments, has a charming effect; but it must be borne in mind that the Japanese are very sparing in their decorative effects, which are always very light. Many a good intention may be spoiled in this style of wall decoration by putting too many things in the same basket. A variety of articles may be constructed with folding fans, from which the rivet which unites the sticks has been removed. If the two outside sticks are fastened together, and a wire circle of suitable size be passed through the holes in the sticks where the rivet was, a "cache pot" can be easily made, and by altering the length of the wire at the bottom, the cover may be made to fit the ordinary flower-pot.

Shades for gas lamps may be made in the same way, although for this purpose parasols are preferable. These parasols are of various sizes. The sticks and part of the ribs can be easily removed, and the circular part which remains can with a little ingenuity be made useful for numerous decorative purposes. To cover an ordinary porcelain lamp-shade, such as is used on a drop light, it is necessary to cut in the centre of the parasol a hole large enough to admit the straight flange at the top of the shade. Then cut the parasol down the side, following the direction of one of the ribs; it can then be wrapped around the shade, the part that overlaps being removed, care being taken to leave only just enough to hide the joint, which can either be sewn or fastened with ribbon. If the flange at the top is too high, a ribbon ruffle should be fastened at its base to conceal it. An inverted parasol fastened under a chandelier makes a charming shade in a country house, the stem of the chandelier can be ornamented by wrapping round it strips of Japanese stuff and sticking into the folds the very small toy parasols we have all seen in the stores.

A picturesque chandelier to light up a piazza or a summer house can be made as follows: An inverted open Japanese parasol is hung up by the stick and small paper lanterns holding candles are then suspended from the ends of the ribs. A parasol from which the centre piece and stick have been removed can be tacked against the ceiling over the chandelier, allowing the gas pipe to come through the opening to the centre; in this way it can be made useful in concealing the ugly plaster medallion which is slapped on most ceilings, or it may constitute in itself an ornamental centre if the ceiling is bare. Four smaller parasols tacked in the corners of the ceiling near the wall complete the decoration by forming four ornamental rosaces. Parasols cut in halves and tacked to the underside of brackets made of rough wood may be used for stands for vases or flower-pots. A Japanese fashion, often imitated with pleasing effect, is that of placing an entire branch of a flowering shrub or tree in a small vase containing water; to be quite in keeping with the Japanese style, the vase should hang against a wall and the branch emerge from the vase at an angle, though resting on the wall. Japanese crepe paper pictures pasted on a wall form a neat frieze in a room where the ceiling is not too high. There also comes from Japan long, narrow strips of wood (often made of wood of two different colors, neatly joined), painted with flowers. These can be hung upright or diagonally. The larger Japanese paintings on silk or linen placed against a wall are exceedingly handsome, but to preserve the real national effect we must remember not to place them symmetrically. A small one and a large one can very well be placed on the same wall at different heights, and it is not necessary that they should hang straight. Ordinary bamboo split in two used as a moulding is highly ornamental. It may be painted red or black; nailed round a painting on silk, it takes the place of a frame, only the ends must be allowed to cross one another.

CANNING AND PRESERVING FRUIT.

As autumn is the season for preserving and canning the majority of the delicious fruits, I suppose all housekeepers are now busily occupied with their preparation of "home-made sweets," which fill so prominent a place in one's winter store-room. One of the most perplexing difficulties in canning on the old-fashioned method of preserving fruit, and one which even the most expert will experience, is the tendency to fermentation which involves the necessity of cooking the fruit over again, or the more annoying result of having it spoiled entirely. Only those who have experienced this can understand the annoyance of having those unmistakable sounds indicative of gas in a jar of canned fruit, or the peculiar taste of fruit which has fermented.

In preserving fruit in the old-fashioned way, sugar is a large item and so much is required to make it keep, the cost of the sugar is an impediment which prevents many from preserving, but a powder which has been recently manufactured promises to overcome all these difficulties and make one's fruit preserving not only permanent but decidedly less expensive. It is the "American Fruit Preserving Powder," a description of which our readers will find in our advertising columns, and the success which has followed its use should make it very popular with housekeepers, and I am very glad to add it to the suggestions for preserving fruits recently given in the Fireside Chat.

Answers to Inquirers.

LILIAS, (Morgan, O.)—Decide for yourself, because your mother made an unhappy match it does not follow that you would.

ALBERT, (Halifax N. C.)—The war of the United States with Algiers grew out of the violation of the treaty of 1795 by the Algerines.

R. A., (Trenton, N. J.)—The omission does not really effect the value of the deed; still you had better to avoid any dispute, have the irregularity corrected.

SUPER, (Osage, Kansas.)—An agent can be held in law only so far as authorized by his principal, provided his connection with the principal is made known.

HISTORY, (Richardsville Va.)—In 1730, Augustine Washington, then a widower married Mary Ball. General Washington was the eldest, not the second of their six children.

JULIET, (Tuscola, Mich.)—We should advise you to know something certain about the young man's connections and his pursuits before you improve your acquaintance with him.

MAPPIN, (Lock Hill, Tex.)—It is not grammatical, and consequently not elegant to say "those molasses," "these cheese," etc. In these cases you should say "'tha'" or "this." Here these nouns are collective and come under the rule governing such words.

MORMON, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—It is nonsense to talk about "surplus" women; there are more boys born than girls; at the age of 20 the sexes are equal; at 30 or 40 perhaps five per cent. less men, because the hardier and bolder life of men kills them the sooner.

A. W., (St. Louis Mo.)—We cannot advise you, unless it be to resent any encroachments of authority on the part of the gentleman. A daughter's situation when her father has married again and her stepmother dislikes her, is to be pitied. Get the plate fixed on the door again, and show the "lover" that you at least have some spirit.

CHARLES, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Papier mache is made of cuttings of white or brown paper, boiled in water and beaten in a mortar till they are rendered into a kind of paste, and then boiled with a solution of gum arbic, or size to give consistency to the paste, which is afterwards formed into different shapes by pressing it into oiled moulds. When dry, the articles are colored and afterwards varnished.

W. M. S. (Jackson, W. Va.)—Why do you not acquire patience with all your other acquirements? If you are going to allow yourself to be a slave to every petty annoyance, what is the use of all your years of study, of your vast erudition, and of your growing fame? A few grains of common sense and of cheerful patience would be worth them all. Try the experiment, if you can, and see if we are not right.

H. H., (Ripon, Wis.)—Do you remember the difference between Cœur de Lion's sword and Saladin's? With the ponderous weapon of the lion-hearted monarch a bar of iron could be sundered at a blow; while with Saladin's exquisitely tempered blade, a piece of gossamer floating in the air could be severed. There is the same difference in the temper and make of human minds; and that fact will account for the differences which you mention.

A. A. W., (Mitchelsville, Md.)—The choice or color of the groom's winter traveling suit should be in no way influenced by the bride. The matters have no connection whatever either of fashion or necessity. A white vest in a wedding suit is no longer the custom dark-blue or black is now used instead. The cards are usually sent out by the mother of the bride and it would, therefore, seem natural that this expense would fall upon her. Your other questions will be answered by the proper department.

FERNINDA, (Camden, N. J.)—It is a hazardous experiment for a young girl reared tenderly under the parental wing to marry a foreigner, and have to reside abroad with him, far away from the delightful associations of early days, the fond smiles and caresses of parents, and those precious inter-communings which girls hold with one another. In your case it would be a rash trifling with future happiness, for you state you are only attracted to the man when in his presence; when absent you feel you could not love him as a wife should. It seems that his eyes exercise over you a magnetic spell. We think you had better drop him.

STRIDENT, (Phila., Pa.)—Gunpowder when fired in a confined space exerts a pressure which bears a certain relationship to the density of the charge, which density is equal to the weight of the charge divided by the space occupied by the gases evolved. The formula is too elaborate for this column. The absolute force of fired gunpowder or the force which it exerts when it exactly fills the space in which it is confined has never been satisfactorily obtained. It has been estimated, however, at from 1,000 to 100,000 atmospheres (the atmosphere being fifteen pounds. Rodman's recent experiments show that it is at least 200,000 pounds per square inch.

GLASS, (New York, N. Y.)—The color violet is symbolic of penitence. Sometimes—and notably in the mosaic of St. Michael, of Ravenna—Christ is represented with a violet robe. When, in a miniature or a glass window an angel is represented with a tunic of this color, we may be certain that the angel thus clad is charged with a mission to some sinner to engage him to penitence. In antiquity we know that the virgins had a violet veil. Saint Jerome in a letter to Eustachius speaks of these violet veils which are called Maforte. During the period consecrated to penitence the ornaments of the Church are violet.

T. L. M., (Gallatin, O.)—We cannot advise you positively whether you will profit most by "making money fast or slowly." Fast come, fast go, says the old proverb, and where each brick in the structure of your fortunes is laid carefully, we suppose the structure is more likely to last than where the building is "run up in a hurry." All rapid gains engender a speculative disposition apt to indulge, in the hope of similar quick returns, in extravagant hazards, and these, unless in very lucky and very skilful hands, are sure to lead to ruin. More, we presume, acquire and enjoy a competency by economy rather than by splendid speculations; and in all such cases it is better to go with the general rule than to attempt to make a brilliant exception.

BELLA, (Dublin, Ga.)—Minerva, the goddess of wisdom was the tutelary deity of the city of Athens in ancient Greece and the owl was sacred to her. They were, doubtless, therefore so plenty about the groves and temples and at the same time free from molestation, that there would be no market for them. Hence very likely the expression. 2. The mother of the present King Alfonso is Queen Isabella who was dethroned and driven from Spain by the Revolution of 1868. 3. The German phrases in the order that you have written them are translated as follows: Truth, Love, Hope; To the memory of; God with us; It is written in the stars that man shall believe, hope and love; Salvation is in the cross; Where the need is greatest God is nearest; No rose without a thorn; Where Love is, there is Peace. 4. Your suggestions will receive attention.

R. T. C., (Brown, Ill.)—So far from regarding money as the root of all evil, as the old poets, philosophers, and divines termed it, most of our people now think it the root of every blessing. The question, now-a-days, is not whom have you married but how much have you married? As it is however certain that rich matches are not always happy ones, and that a rich wife expects very often to spend her dowry on herself, nay, that the marriage settlement is too often a rich source of quarrelsome misery, we must take this vulgar notion about riches to be like every other vulgar thing, false, ignoble and wrong. The old rule, "Marry for love and work for the siller" is the truest. Dr. Johnson had a noble contempt for those who marry solely for the sake of a dowry; he said of such one, "That man, sir, has sold himself for the certainty of three meals a day." How severe, yet how true!

ANXIOUS, (Davidson, Tenn.)—You rightly attribute your feelings to disordered nerves, which have no doubt been overstrained by a sudden shock or attendance on a sick bed. You require rest, and must not give over praying, or give in to the fancied influence of that personage whom we are told to resist, and he will flee from us. Your case is not "special." You only experience one of "those fears of darkness which we all inherit." Take exercise, tonics, and meat diet.

DISPUTE, (Mantua, Pa.)—The riddle on the letter H beginning:

"'Twas in Heaven pronounced and 'twas muttered
In Hell,
And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell,"

was composed by Miss Catherine Fanshawe. It was attributed to Byron, who seems to have behaved in this case as he did when the "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore" were imputed to him—neither acknowledged it nor denied it.